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THE
SALVATION
SOLDIERS'
SONG BOOK.



Prepare to meet thy God.

TORONTO :
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SALVATION.

Suitable for all meetings where the direct object is the immediate salvation of sinners.

NOTE.—For explanation of the letters under the number of the song see key at end of book.

Tune "Will you go?" B. B. 13. S. M., I., 380.

1

P

BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God,
On the Cross;
For us He shed His precious blood,
On the Cross.

Oh, you who still His love defy,
And all His grace and power deny,
Draw near and see your Saviour die
On the Cross.

Come, sinners, see Him lifted up,
On the Cross,
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the Cross.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus does atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake,
On the Cross.

And now the mighty deed is done
On the Cross,
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
On the Cross;
To heaven He turns His languid eyes—
"'Tis finished!" now the Conqueror cries,
Then bows His sacred head and dies
On the Cross.

SALVATION.

Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the Cross ;
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the Cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me,
On the Cross.

Tune, "Come, sinner, wash." B. J. 137. P. W. 95.

2

D

COME, Sinner, wash your guilty soul,
In your Redeemer's blood ;
Your burden then from you shall roll,
And He will be your God.
You know for you the Saviour died
That you with Him might live,
And how upon the Cross He cried :
"Forgive them, oh, forgive."

Come, sinner, Jesus calls to thee,
Oh, now His voice obey,
And now to Him for refuge flee,
Before your dying day.

You cannot rest without your Lord,
Nor find your joy in sin,
And while you spurn His precious word
You cannot pardon win.
Oh, lost one, bound by Satan's chain,
He longs to set you free !
No more His love and truth disdain,
But come and happy be.

Your Saviour died because your sin
He saw had you condemned ;
And shed His precious blood to win
Your soul, and be your Friend.
Your life is now so full of care,
Of sorrow, fear and shame—
Now, come to Him in your despair,
He'll call you by His name.

SALVATION.

Tune, "Come, sinners, to Jesus." B. B. No. 60. S. M., I., 203.

- 3 COME, sinners, to Jesus, no longer delay,
A free, full salvation is offered to-day.
w Arise, all ye bond-slaves, awake from your dream,
Believe, and the light and the glory shall stream.

For the conquering Saviour shall break every chain,
And give us the vict'ry again and again.

The world will oppose, you and Satan will rage ;
To hinder your coming they both will engage ;
But Jesus, your Saviour, has conquered for you,
And He will assist you to conquer them too.

Though tough be the fighting, and troubles arise,
There are mansions of glory prepared in the skies ;
A crown and a kingdom you shortly shall view,
The laurels of vict'ry are waiting for you.

When death's shady valley Christ calls you to tread,
A halo of glory around you He'll shed ;
His presence shall cheer you as faintly you pray,
And angels to glory shall bear you away.

Tune, "Come to the Saviour." B. B. 3. S. M., I., 354.

- 4 COME to the Saviour, come to the Saviour,
Ye sin-burdened children of men ;
He left His throne above to reveal His wondrous love,
And to open a fountain for sin.

I do believe it ! I do believe it ! I'm saved through the
blood of the Lamb !
My happy soul is free, for the Lord has pardoned me,
Hallelujah to Jesus' name.

Why do you linger ? why do you linger ?
Oh, when will you haste to be saved ?
Your time is flying fast, and your day will soon be past,
Oh, arise now and come and be saved.

SALVATION.

Pardon is offered, pardon is offered—
A pardon full, present, and free ;
You will not be denied, for on Calvary Jesus died
That saved every rebel might be.

Plunge in the fountain, plunge in the fountain,
The fountain which cleanses the soul ;
'Tis cleansing far and near, and its streams are flowing
Oh, enter, and thou art made whole. [here ;

Tune, "Blessed Jesus." B. J. 45. S. M., I., 98.

5 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
K Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power !
He is able, He is willing, doubt no more.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him ;
This He gives you : 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and ruined by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous ; Sinners, Jesus came to call.

Tune, "Come, ye trifling sinners ;" B. J. 95 ; S. M., I., 325 ;
or "Christ now sits ;" B. B. 64 ; S. M., I., 41.

6 COME, ye trifling sinners, come,
N While your time is in your hand ;
Death will come without delay ;
You the summons must obey.

Then you'll weep and wish to be
Happy in eternity.

SALVATION.

O ! ye young, ye gay, ye proud,
You must die and wear a shroud ;
Time will rob you of your bloom,
Death will drag you to the tomb.

Will you go to heaven or hell ?
One you must, and there to dwell ;
Christ will come, and quickly too ;
I must meet Him, so must you.

O, ye children of the light,
Always keep your armor bright ;
Then with all the sanctified
Christ will claim you for His bride.

Then you'll ever with Him be,
Happy in eternity.

Tune, " Delay not ;" S. M., I., 336 ; or " Lord Jesus, I long ;"
B. J., 56, 2 ; S. M., I., 194.

7 **D**ELAY not, delay not, O sinner draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee ;
w No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God ?
A Fountain is opened—how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood ?

Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day ;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb,
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

Delay not, delay not ; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved, and resisted, may take His sad flight,
And leave Thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

SALVATION.

Tune, "Calcutta. B. J. 29. S. M., I., 329.

8

K

FLY, ye sinners, to yon mountain ;
There the purple stream doth flow ;
There you'll find an open fountain
That will wash you white as snow.

Oh come quickly, And its cleansing virtues know.

Never ponder o'er your meanness,

But to Calvary repair :

There's the fountain for uncleanness,

And the worst is welcome there.

Christ invites you, Now His pardoning love to share.

Richly flowed the crimson river,

When our great Redeemer died ;

And that blood will you deliver,

Whosoever 'tis applied.

Free salvation Flows from Jesu's wounded side.

Tune, "Sinner, death to you is speeding." B. J. 34. F. S. 50.
P. W. 46.

9

L

FULL of sin and bitter sorrow,
Sinner, you have been too long ;
Won't you come and find in Jesus
Your hope, and joy, and song ?
Don't reject this loving Saviour,
Who this moment offers thee,
In His boundless love and favor,
Pardon, peace, and purity.

Sinner, death to you is speeding,

And the awful judgment too ;

Down before your Saviour kneeling,

Ask Him now to pardon you.

Would you find a perfect freedom

From the chains your soul that bind,

And receive from Him this moment

True peace for heart and mind ?

Bring your heart, so full of sorrow,

To your blessed Saviour's feet ;

By His blood—oh ! precious fountain !

He will make you all complete.

SALVATION.

Would you die in perfect safety,
Face your God without a fear,
Live with Him in Heaven forever
Without a single tear ?
Now renounce the world, and Satan,
From the giddy crowd come forth.
Oh, be quick and seek your Saviour,
Lest He meet you in His wrath.

Tune, "What will the harvest be?" M. S., I., 413.

10 **G**OING to judgment, not fit to live,
Going to die, life's account to give ;
Up to God's bar I must surely go,
Nothing but sin in God's book to show ;
Oh, what will the judgment be ?

Going to judgment with salvation light,
Going to judgment for not doing right ;
Dreading the sentence, "Depart from Me !"
Sad, ah ! sad will the judgment be.

What if I will not salvation seek ?
What if I will not hear conscience speak ?
What if God's talents and time I waste ?
What if I sin away days of grace ?

What if I will not take up my cross ?
What if I sin till my soul is lost ?
What if I sink in the burning flame ?
There will be none but myself to blame.

What when the Spirit will strive no more ?
What when the Master has shut the door ?
What when I'm crying : "Too late ! too late !"
What when destruction must seal my fate ?

Tune, "The harvest is passing." B.B. 83. S. M., I., 220.

11 **H**ARK, sinner, while God from on high doth
entreat thee,
^z And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend ;
Give ear to His voice, lest in judgment He meet thee ;
The harvest is passing, the summer will end.

SALVATION.

How oft of thy danger and guilt He hath told thee !
How oft still the message of mercy doth send !
Haste, haste, while He waits in His arms to enfold thee ;
The harvest is passing, the summer will end.

Despised and rejected, at length He may leave Thee ;
What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend !
Then haste thee, O sinner, while He will receive thee ;
The harvest is passing, the summer will end.

Ere long, and Jehovah will come in His power ;
Our God will arise with His foes to contend ;
Haste, haste thee, O sinner, prepare for that hour !
The harvest is passing, the summer will end.
The Saviour will call thee in judgment before Him,
Oh, bow to His sceptre, and make Him thy Friend ;
Now yield Him thy heart, and make haste to adore Him,
Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will end.

Tune, "Turn to the Lord." B. B. 45. B. J. 77. S. M., I., 97.

12 **H**ARK ! the gospel news is sounding,
Christ has suffered on the tree ;
Streams of mercy are abounding,
Grace for all is rich and free.
Now, poor sinner, come to Him who died for thee.

Oh ! escape to yonder mountain ;
Refuge find in Him to-day ;
Christ invites you to the fountain,
Come and wash your sins away ;
Do not tarry, come to Jesus while you may.

Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied ;
Still it flows as fresh as ever
From the Saviour's wounded side ;
None need perish, all may live, for Christ has died.

Christ alone shall be our portion ;
Soon we hope to meet above ;
Then we'll bathe in the full ocean
Of the great Redeemer's love ;
All His fulness we shall then for ever prove.

SALVATION.

Tune, "Hark, the voice." B. B. 57. B. J. 51. P. W. 57.

- 13 **H**ARK! the voice of Jesus calling—
 "Come, ye laden, come to Me ;
 K I have rest and peace to offer,
 Rest, thou laboring one, for thee ;
 Take salvation—take it now and happy be."
 Yes, though high in heavenly glory,
 Still the Saviour calls to thee ;
 Faith can hear His gracious accents—
 "Come, ye laden, come to Me ;
 Take salvation—take it now and happy be."
 Soon that voice will cease its calling,
 Now it speaks, and speaks to thee ;
 Sinner, heed the gracious message,
 To the blood for refuge flee—
 "Take salvation—take it now and happy be."
 Life is found alone in Jesus,
 Only there 'tis offered thee—
 Offered without price or money,
 'Tis the gift of God, sent free ;
 "Take salvation—take it now and happy be."

Tune, "Why not to-night?" B. J. 131. S. M., I., 22c.

- 14 **H**ASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
 A And stay not for to-morrow's sun ;
 The longer wisdom you despise
 The harder is she to be won.
 O, hasten mercy to implore,
 And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
 For fear thy season should be o'er
 Before this evening's stage be run.
 O, hasten, sinner, to return,
 And stay not for to-morrow's sun,
 For fear the lamp should fail to burn
 Before the needful work is done.
 O Lord, do Thou the sinner turn ;
 Now rouse him from his senseless state ;
 Oh, let him not Thy counsel spurn,
 Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

SALVATION.

Tune, "Jesus, lover." B. J. 181. S. M., H., 73.

15

o

JESUS ! lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still hold up and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Blood to cleanse from every sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art ;
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Tune, "Calling for the wanderer home." B. J. 39. F. S. 33.

16

M

JESUS stands, and knocks, and pleads,
Calling for the wanderer home ;
And for sinners intercedes,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Boundless love beyond degree,
Calling for the wanderer home ;
Jesus longs to set you free,
Calling for the wanderer home.

As a lamb to slaughter led,
On the Cross His blood was shed.

SALVATION.

He has often called before,
Now He's waiting at the door.

Come, oh come, while yet He stands,
While in love He spreads His hands.

Soon His mercy will be o'er,
Thou shalt hear His voice no more.

Tune, "Oh, the blood of Jesus," S. M., I., 137.

17

c

JESUS, thou all redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore ;
Open the door to send Thy word,
To every earthly shore.

Oh, the blood of Jesus, The precious blood of Jesus,
Oh, the blood of Jesus, It cleanses from all sin.

Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.

Ready Thou art the blood t' apply,
And prove the record true ;
And all Thy wounds to sinners cry :
" I suffered this for you !"

Tune, "Jesus waits to pardon you."

18

LET me sing to you in a glad refrain,
That Jesus waits to pardon you ;
Let me tell it over to you again,
That Jesus waits to pardon you.
You've tried, and always tried in vain,
To free your soul from Satan's reign :
Oh, turn to Jesus, He will break the chain,
For Jesus waits to pardon you.

Yes, Jesus waits to pardon you,
To freely, freely pardon you ;
Yes, Jesus waits to pardon you,
To freely pardon you.

SALVATION.

In years gone by it was told to thee,
That Jesus waits to pardon you ;
You have heard it sung at your mother's knee,
That Jesus waits to pardon you.
She's gone from mortal sight away,
Yet strangely near she seems to-day—
You feel her gentle touch, and hear her say,
“ My Jesus waits to pardon you.”

What a sad, sad day when you hear no more,
That Jesus waits to pardon you ;
When the time is past and the season o'er,
That Jesus waits to pardon you.
Ere voice shall fail and song shall die,
Before the days of grace go by,
Turn ye, or you will hear the bitter cry,
“ No Jesus waits to pardon you.”

Tune, “ There's mercy still for thee.” B. J. 15. S. M., II., 12.

- 19 O WANDERER, knowing not the smile
Of Jesus' lovely face,
In darkness living all the while,
Rejecting offered grace.
To thee, Jehovah's voice doth sound,
Thy soul He waits to free ;
Thy Saviour hath a ransom found,
There's mercy still for thee.

There's mercy still for thee !
Poor trembling soul, He'll make thee whole,
There's mercy still for thee.

Long in the darkness thou hast stayed,
Away from joy and peace ;
Thou hast these worldly pleasures tried,
But found them soon to cease.
Without one lingering ray of hope,
In anguish thou may'st be ;
Oh, listen to the joyful sound,
There's mercy still for thee !

SALVATION.

Though sins of years rise mountains high,
And would thy hopes destroy,
Thy Saviour's blood can wash away
The stains, and bring thee joy.
Now lift thy heart in earnest prayer,
To Him for safety flee ;
While still the angels chant the strain,
" There's mercy still for thee !"

Tune, " Oh, come, come away." E. J. 22. S. M., I., 215.

20 OH, come, come away, ye sinners are invited,
A feast to share, so now prepare,
Oh, come, come away.
No longer do excuses make,
But every sinful way forsake,
And the heavenly feast partake,
Oh, come, come away.

Oh come, come away, forsake your old companions,
They walk the path that leads to wrath,
Oh, come, come away.
Bid sin and friends of sin farewell,
No longer run with them to hell,
But haste with saints to dwell,
Oh, come, come away.

Oh, come, come away, to our Salvation meeting,
There mercy rolls for guilty souls,
Oh, come, come away.
The fountain still is open wide—
It gushes from the Saviour's side,
Come, plunge beneath the tide,
Oh, come, come away.

Oh, come, come away, the Saviour now is waiting,
He will receive, if sin you leave,
Oh, come, come away ;
And in this world He'll be your Friend,
He'll love and keep you to the end,
Then to heaven you shall ascend,
Oh, come, come away.

SALVATION.

Tune, "Why not to-night?" B. J. 131. S. M., I., 226.

21 O H, do not let the word depart,
Or close thine eyes against the light ;
A Poor, sinner, harden not thy heart,
Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night ?

To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight ;
This is the time !—oh, then, be wise !
Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night !

Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love requite ?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will.
Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night !

The world has nothing left to give,
It has no new, no pure delight ;
Oh, try the life which Christians live ;
Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night ?

Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite ;
Then be the work of grace begun ;
Thou would'st be saved—why not to-night ?

Tune, "Oh, turn ye." B. E. 19. B. J. 86. S. M., I., 160.

22 O H, turn ye ! oh, turn ye ! for why will ye die,
When God, in great mercy, is drawing so nigh,
W Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says "Come !"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

How vain the delusion, that while you delay
Your hearts may grow better by staying away !
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction or banish your pain,
To bear up your spirits when summoned to die,
Or take you to Christ in the clouds of the sky ?

SALVATION.

Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

Tune, "Oh, what shall I do to be saved?" B. B. 55. S. M., II., 28.

23 **O**H, what shall I do to be saved
From the sorrows that burden my soul?
Like the waves in a storm,
When the winds are at war,
Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll.

What shall I do? what shall I do?
Oh, what shall I do to be saved?

Oh, what shall I do to be saved
When the pleasures of youth are all fled,
And the friends I have loved
From the earth are removed,
And I weep o'er the graves of the dead?

Oh, what shall I do to be saved,
When sickness my strength shall subdue,
Or the world in a day,
Like a cloud, roll away,
And eternity opens to view!

O Lord, look in mercy on me,
Come, come, and speak peace to my soul!
Unto whom shall I flee,
Blessed Lord, but to Thee?
Thou canst make my poor broken heart whole!

This will I do! this will I do!
To Jesus I'll go and be saved.

Tune, "Pass me not." B. J. 14. S. M., I., 436.

24 **P**ASS me not, O loving Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

SALVATION.

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
And while others Thou art blessing,
Do not pass me by.

Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief ;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

Trusting only in Thy merit,
Do I seek Thy face ;
Heal my wounded broken spirit ;
Save me by Thy grace.

Tune, "Oh, I'm going." B. J. 19. S. M., I., 440.

25 PITY, Lord, a wretched creature,
One whose sins for vengeance cry,
Groaning 'neath his heavy burden,
Throbbing heart and heaving sigh.
Oh, my Saviour ! Canst Thou let a sinner die ?

No ! Thou canst not : Thou hast promised
To attend unto his prayer ;
Still he cries in faltering accents,
Jesus, oh, in mercy spare ;
Spare the sinner ; Jesus, oh, in mercy spare.

Oh ! how swift Divine compassion
Runs to meet the mourning soul ;
And with words of consolation
Makes the wounded spirit whole !
I'm thy Saviour—Let this truth thy heart console.

Tune, "Trim your lamps." B. B. 59. S. M., I., 145.

26 REJOICE, ye saints, the time draws near
When Christ will in the clouds appear,
And for His people call.

Trim your lamps and be ready
For the midnight cry.

SALVATION.

The trumpet sounds, the thunders roll,
The heavens passing as a scroll,
The earth will burn with fire.

Poor sinners then on earth will cry
(While lightnings flashing from the sky),
"O, mountains, on us fall !"

Then on a sea of glass shall stand
King Jesus, with His conquering band,
Safe housed above the fire.

Come, brethren, all, and let us try
To warn poor sinners, and to cry,
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes."

Come, buy your oil, before too late,
And ready for the Bridegroom wait,
And watch to enter in.

Tune, "Oh, you must be a lover." B. B. 24. B. J. 74. S. M., I., 160.

27

c

RETURN, O, wanderer, return,
And seek your Father's face,
Those new desires which in you burn
Were kindled by His grace.

Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord
Or you can't go to heaven when you die.

Return, O, wanderer, return !
He hears your humble sigh ;
He hears your softened spirit mourn
When no one else is nigh.

Return, O, wanderer, return !
Your Saviour bids you live ;
Come to His cross and you will learn
How freely He'll forgive.

SALVATION.

Tune, "Room at the Cross."

- 28 ROOM at the cross for a trembling soul,
Room at the cross for you ;
Where the sin-laden may be made whole ;
Room at the cross for you.

Room, room, room at the cross,
Room at the cross for you ;

Room at the cross for a breaking heart ;
Choose then, like Mary, the better part ;

Room at the cross for earth's weary and worn ;
Come then, oh, come then, ye souls who mourn ;

Tune, "Saints of God." B. B. 49. B. J. 27. S. M., I., 106.

- 29 SAINTS of God, lift up your voices,
Praise ye the Lord !
While the host of heaven rejoices,
Praise ye the Lord !
Praise Him as ye onward go
To the realms of endless glory,
Let His praise each heart o'erflow,
Praise ye the Lord !

For the work of our redemption,
He has brought for us salvation ;
Jesus died for you and me,
Paid our debt on Calvary's mountain,
Every sinner may go free.

Thousands have in Christ believed,
And His pard'ning love received ;
We have joined the happy throng,
God is with us, we're His people,
Jesus shall be all our song.

Sinners, you may all go with us,
Turn from sin, believe on Jesus,
Jesus died for you and me,
Paid our debt on Calvary's mountain ;
Every sinner may go free.

SALVATION.

Hallelujah ! we are rising,
And the work of God's reviving,
See our numbers how they swell ;
Onward the Salvation Army
Triumphs o'er the powers of hell.

Tune, "Sinner, come home." B. J. 117. S. M., II., 6.

30 **S**INNER, poor sinner, to Jesus come home,
He long has been calling for thee ;
No longer delay, but come while you may,
The saved and the happy to be.
Your days swiftly fly, and soon you must die,
And then the dread judgment will come ;
In vain then to call on the mountains to fall,
And hide you from Him on the throne.

Come home, come home, come home,
Poor sinner, to Jesus, come home.

Sinner, poor sinner, consider His love,
The sorrow of Gethsemane ;
The cross meekly borne, the spear and the thorn,
The cry of His great agony.
His life He laid down to win thee a crown,
And a home in the mansions above,
Where sorrow nor pain will grieve thee again,
But ever to rest in His love.

Sinner, poor sinner, then wilt thou not turn
And accept a salvation so free ?
There's nought to be done, but only to come,
Thy Saviour is waiting for thee.
Oh, soon will the day of His grace pass away,
Then judgment will visit for sin ;
But *now* there is room, the vilest may come,
"Compel them," He says, "to come in."

Tune, "We are out on the ocean sailing." B. B. 74. S. M., I., 9.

31 **S**INNER, we are sent to bid you
To the Gospel feast to-day ;
Will you slight the invitation ?
Will you, can you yet delay ?

SALVATION.

Leave, oh, leave your sin and sorrow ;
Do not wait until to-morrow ;
Now your Saviour kindly calls you,
Come, poor sinner, come away.

Come, oh, come, all things are ready,
To your Saviour's bosom fly ;
Leave the worthless world behind you ;
Seek for pardon, or you die.

What are all earth's dearest pleasures,
Were they more than tongue can tell ?
What are all its boasted treasures
To a soul when sunk in hell ?

Tune, "At the Cross there's room." S. M., I., 342.

32 **S**INNER, wheresoe'er thou art—at the cross
there's room ;

Tell the burden of thy heart—at the cross there's room !
Tell it in thy Saviour's ear,
Cast away thy guilty fear ;
Only speak and He will hear—
At the cross there's room.

Haste thee, wanderer, tarry not—at the cross there's room !
Seek that consecrated spot—at the cross there's room !
Heavy laden, sore oppressed,
Love can soothe thy troubled breast,
In the Saviour find thy rest—
At the cross there's room.

Thoughtless sinner, come to-day—at the cross there's room !
Hark ! the Bride and Spirit say—at the cross there's room !
Now a living fountain see,
Open there for you and me,
Rich and poor, bond and free—
At the cross there's room.

Blessed thought for every one—at the cross there's room !
Love's atoning work is done—at the cross there's room !
Streams of boundless mercy flow,
Free to all who thither go ;
Oh, that all the world might know—
At the cross there's room.

SALVATION.

Tune, "Oh, how He loves!" E. J. 95. S. M., I., 28.

33 SINNERS hastening down to ruin, Why will you die?

Jesus is your souls pursuing, Why will you die?

Though from Him you still are flying,

All His power and love defying,

Hark! how loudly He is crying, Why will you die?

Sinai asks in loudest thunder, "Why will ye die?"

Heaven and earth cry out with wonder, Why, etc.

Sinners sunk in degradation,

While neglecting God's salvation,

This is heaven's expostulation, Why, etc.

Jesus groans from Calvary's mountain, Why, etc.,

Speaks in blood that fills the fountain, Why, etc.,

Blood that ransomed every nation,

Fits for heaven's exalted station,

Sinners, now accept salvation, Why, etc.

*Death and hell cry out while hastening, Why, etc.,

And your strength cries out while wasting, Why, etc.

When you've crossed o'er death's cold river,

And your doom is fixed forever,

God will ask no more, no, never, Why, etc.

But through everlasting ages, Then you must die,

While hell's dreadful tempest rages, Then, etc.,

Stripped of every earthly pleasure,

Lost forever heavenly treasure, [die.

Dreadful vengeance without measure, That cannot

Tune, "Sinners, whither." B. B. 17. S. M., I., 352.

34 SINNERS, whither will you wander? whither will you stray?

S Oh, remember, life is slender, 'tis but a short stay!

Death is coming, coming, coming, and the judgment day;
Hasten, sinner, hasten, sinner, seek the narrow way.

Satan has resolved to have you for his lawful prey;
Jesus Christ has died to save you, haste, oh, haste away.

SALVATION.

Listen to the invitation, while He's crying "Come,"
If you miss this great salvation, hell will be your doom.

Soon you'll see the Lord descending, on His great white
throne,
Saints and sinners all attending, to receive their doom.

Would you 'scape the awful sentence? from destruction
flee,

Seek the Lord by true repentance, haste to Calvary.

Tune, "Stop, poor sinner," B. J. 89. S.M., I., 108.

35 **S**TOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
 Before you further go!
 Can you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting woe!
 Hell beneath is gaping wide,
 Vengeance waits the dread command,
 Soon to stop your sport and pride,
 And sink you with the damned.

Once again I charge you, stop.
For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware you'll drop
Into the burning lake.

Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar;
Then to hear your awful doom
Will fill you with despair.
All your sins will round you crowd—
Sins of blood and crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what will you reply?

But as yet there is a hope,
You may His mercy know;
Though His arm be lifted up,
He still forbears the blow.
'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners He invites to come;
None who come shall be denied,
He says, "There still is room."

SALVATION.

Tune, "Then come, oh, come." B. J. 24. M. S., VI., 107.

36 **T**EN thousand, thousand souls there are,
Entered within the door,
C These countless souls are gathered home,
And yet there's room for more.

Then come, oh come, and go with me,
Where pleasures never die,
And you shall wear a starry crown,
And reign above the sky.

Room for the lame, the halt, the blind,
Sinner, there's room for thee ;
'Twas Christ made room for such poor souls
By dying on the tree.

Room for the chief of sinners still,
Though plagued with unbelief ;
That precious Christ can save thy soul
Who saved the dying thief.

There's room for seeking, sighing souls
Who seek their fears to quell,
Who know that Christ, and Christ alone,
Can save a soul from hell.

Then sure I am there's room for me,
The worst of Adam's race ;
And so I'll sing in songs of praise—
A sinner saved by grace.

Tune, "The blast of the trumpet." B. B. 20. S. M., I., 109.

37 **T**HE blast of the trumpet, so loud and so shrill,
Will shortly re-echo o'er ocean and hill.

When the mighty, mighty, mighty trump sounds,
"Come, come away !"
Oh, may we be ready to hail that glad day.

The earth and the waters shall yield up the dead,
And the saved ones with joy will awake from their bed.

SALVATION.

The shouts of the angels will burst from the skies,
And blend with the shouts of the saints as they rise.

The cry of the lost ones, their groans of despair,
And loud hallelujahs will meet in the air.

The cry of the Bridegroom shall echo around,
And the bride in her beauty go forth at the sound.

Acknowledged by Jesus, confessed as His own,
Transported to glory, we'll sit on His throne.

Oh, land of the holy, the happy and free,
In Jesus thy portals are open to me.

Tune, "Be ready when He comes."

38 **T**HE Lord is coming by and by,
 Be ready when He comes ;
 He comes from His fair home on high,
 Be ready when He comes.
 He is the Lord, our Righteousness,
 He comes His chosen ones to bless,
 And at His Father's throne confess—
 Be ready when He comes.

Will you be ready when the Bridegroom comes ?
 When He comes ;

Will you be ready when the Bridegroom comes ?
 When He comes ;

Will your lamps be trimmed and bright,
Be it morning, noon or night,
Will you be ready when the Bridegroom comes ?

He soon will come to earth again ;
Begin His universal reign ;
With Hallelujahs heav'n will ring,
When Jesus does redemption bring,
Oh, trim your lamps to meet your King.

Behold ! He comes to one and all ;
And soon we'll hear the trumpet call ;
To Judgment called at His command,
From every clime, from every land,
Before His throne we all must stand.

SALVATION.

Tune, "Be in time." S. M., I., 113.

39 **T**HE voice of wisdom cries, Be in time,
To give up every sin, In earnest now begin,
The night will soon set in, Be in time.

Ye aged sinners hear, Be in time,
Your sands are running fast, Harvest will soon be past,
Your die will soon be cast, Be in time.

Though late, ye may return, be in time ;
Though late, ye may return, You're not too old to learn,
While the lamp holds out to burn, Be in time.

Ye who are young in years, Be in time, [tomb,
Ye say you're in your bloom, And far from the dark
But lest hell be your doom, Be in time.

Backslider, dost thou hear ? Be in time,
Thy sinful course forsake, Thyself to prayer betake,
Thy deathless soul's at stake, Be in time.

Tune, "Better world." B. J. 11. S. M., I., 379.

40 **T**HERE is a better world, they say, Oh, so bright !
Where sin and woe are done away, Oh, so bright !
P There music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold, and mansions fair, Oh, so bright.

But wicked things, and beasts of prey, come not there !
And ruthless death, and fierce decay, come not there !
There all are holy, all are good,
But hearts unwashed in Jesus' blood,
And guilty sinners unrenewed, come not there !

Though we are sinners every one, Jesus died !
And though our crown of peace is gone, Jesus died !
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of glory reign, Jesus died !

Then parents, sisters, brothers, come, come away !
We're bound to reach our Father's home, come away !
Oh, come, the time is fleeting past,
And men and things are fading fast,
Our turn will surely come at last, come away

SALVATION.

41

c

Tune, "There is a fountain." S. M., I., 124.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from my Saviour's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

I do believe, I will believe that Jesus died for me,
That on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
His flowing wounds supply,
My Saviour's love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing His power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Tune, "Meet in bliss." B. B. 85. B. J. 79. S. M., I., 505.

42

m

TIME is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh.
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

Life is earnest, when 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest nevermore;
Soon to meet eternity;
Wilt thou never serious be?

Heaven is earnest, solemnly
Float its voices down to thee;
O, poor sinner, art thou gay,
Sporting through thine earthly day?

SALVATION.

Hell is earnest, fiercely roll
Burning billows near thy soul ;
Woe for thee, if thou abide
Unredeemed, unsanctified.

God is earnest, kneel and pray,
Ere thy season pass away,
Ere He set His judgment throne,
Vengeance ready, mercy gone.

Christ is earnest, bids thee "Come !"
Paid thy spirit's priceless sum ;
Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above ?

Tune, "For you I am praying." S. M., I., 484.

43 WE have a message, a message from Jesus,
And time is now hastening, its moments
are few,
He's seeking poor sinners, make haste to receive Him,
The Master is come and He calleth for you.

For you He is calling, for you He is calling,
Yes, Jesus is calling, is calling for you.

We have a message, a message from Jesus,
A message of hope to the poor weary heart,
The love of my Saviour, there's nothing so precious,
The friendship of Jesus will never depart.

We have a message, a message from Jesus,
A message of love to the poor drunkard's soul ;
The love of my Jesus will snap all his fetters,
The blood of my Saviour makes perfectly whole.

We have a message, a message from Jesus,
Oh, poor, wretched scoffer, you're selling your soul,
But Jesus invites you just now to receive Him,
And He will forgive you and pardon the whole.

SALVATION.

Tune, "We shall see the Judge descending." B.B. 58. S. M., I., 168.

44 WE shall see the Judge descending,
On that great day.

While the heavenly music
Sounds sweetly through the air.

We shall hear the thunder rolling,
We shall see the Saviour coming,
We shall see our parents coming,
We shall see our children coming,
Then repentance will be useless,
For there will be then no pardon,
Oh, you'll wish you'd been converted,
Oh, you'll wish you'd been a soldier.

Tune, "Eden above." B. J. 5. S. M., I., 254.

45 WE'RE bound for the land of the pure and the
holy,
z The home of the happy, the kingdom of love ;
Ye wanderers from God, in the broad road of folly,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above ?

Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go ?
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above ?

In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove ;
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above ?

Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this small house he is summoned to move ;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above ?

SALVATION.

March on, happy soldiers, the land lies before you,
 And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove ;
 Yes, soon we'll be massed on the hills of bright glory,
 And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.

We will go, we will go, we will go, we will go—
 Oh, yes, we will go to the Eden above.

Tune, "Travelling home." B. B. 7. S. M., I., 400.

46 **W**E'RE trav'ling on to heaven above,
 Will you go ?

P To sing the Saviour's dying love, Will you go ?
 Millions have reached that blissful shore,
 Their trials and their labors o'er,
 And yet there's room for millions more,
 Will you go ?

We're going to walk the plain's of light, etc ,
 Far, far from death, and curse, and night, etc.,
 The crown of life we then shall wear,
 The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
 And all the joys of heaven share, etc.

We're going to see the bleeding Lamb, etc.,
 In rapturous songs to praise His name, etc.,
 Our sun will then no more go down,
 Our moon no more will be withdrawn,
 Our days of mourning ever gone, etc.

The way to heaven is straight and plain, etc.,
 Repent, believe, be born again, etc.,
 The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
 "Take up thy cross and follow Me,
 And thou shalt My salvation see," etc.

Oh, could I hear some sinner say, "I will go,
 I'll start this moment, clear the way, Let me go.
 My old companions, fare you well,
 I will not go with you to hell ;
 I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell, Let me go."

SALVATION.

Tune, "Innocents." B. J. 123. S. M., I., 817

47
M

WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, oh, where wilt thou be found?

When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, oh, where wilt thou appear?

What shall soothe thy bursting heart
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to thy Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer,
Then in Heaven thou shalt appear.

Tune, "Will you go?" B. D. 62; S. M., I., 30; or "How will you do?" B. J. 174; S. M., I., 31.

48 WHEN you come to Jordan's flood, How will
you do?

You who now condemn your God, How will you do?
Death will be a solemn day,
When the soul is forced away,
It will be too late to pray. How will you do?

You who laugh, and scorn, and sneer—How, etc.,
When in Jordan you appear,—How, etc.
Can you then your terror brave,
Say you have no soul to save,
When you sink beneath the wave.—How, etc.

SALVATION.

You who have no more than form—How, etc.,
Can you brave the awful storm—How, etc.
When the waves of death assail,
Every reed and prop will fail,
Creeds will be of no avail. How, etc.

You who have been turned aside—How, etc.,
Whither will you flee to hide—How, etc.
Conscience will in terror rise,
And the worm that never dies,
When you sink no more to rise,—How, etc.

Christian, now I'll turn to thee—How, etc.
When thou dost the river see—How, etc.
To the cross I then will cling,
Shout, "O death, where is thy sting?"
"Victory! victory!" I will sing—That's how I'll do.

Tune, "O, Calvary!" B. J. 28.

49 **W**HILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given;
A But soon, oh, soon the coming night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

Eternity—
Where will you spend eternity?

While God invites, how blest the day,
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound;
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away.
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

Soon borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death consign you to the grave;
Before God's bar your spirits bring
And none be found to hear or save.

In that dark land of deep despair,
No morning's cheering light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

SALVATION.

Tune "Ready to die." B. J. 10. S. M., I., 445.

50 WITH a sorrow for sin let repentance begin,
Then conversion of course will draw nigh;
y But till washed in the blood of a crucified Lord,
We shall never be ready to die.

And that we may succeed, let us haste with all speed
To a Saviour who will not deny;
Let us tell Him in brief, that of sinners we're chief,
But we long to be ready to die.

We've His word and His oath, and His blood seals
And we're sure the Almighty can't lie; [them both,
If we do not delay, but believe, watch and pray,
He will soon make us ready to die.

When the race we have run, and the victory won,
We to mansions of glory shall fly,
There eternally praise the blest Ancient of Days,
For His love made us ready to die.

Tune, "Sovereignty." B. B. No. 21. S. M., I., 493.

51 WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?
g Why hangs He then on yonder tree?
What means that strange, expiring cry?
Sinners, He prays for you and me—
"Forgive them, Father, oh, forgive!
They know not that by me they live!"

Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee, by Thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life,—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears;
The story of Thy love repeat
In every drooping sinners ears,
That all may hear the quickening sound,
Since I, e'en I have mercy found.

SALVATION.

Tune, "Yet there is room."

52 YET there is room, the Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along.

Room, room, still room,
Oh, enter, enter now.

Day is declining, and the sun is low,
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go.

Yet there is room, still open stands the gate,
The gate of love, it is not yet too late.

Ere night that gate may close and seal thy doom,
Then the last, low, long, woeful cry, "No room!"

No room, no room,
O woeful cry—"No room!"

Tune, "Prepare me." B. J. 2. S. M., II., 92.

53 YOUR garments must be white as snow,
Prepare to meet your God!
c For to His throne you'll have to go;
Prepare to meet your God!

Prepare me, prepare me, Lord!
Prepare me to stand before Thy throne!

Get washed from every stain of sin;
Prepare to meet your God!
You must God's great salvation win;
Prepare to meet your God!

Prepare me now, prepare me here,
To stand before Thy throne;
That I, without a doubt or fear,
May stand before Thy throne.

Lord, cleanse my heart and make me pure,
To stand before Thy throne;
My pride and self and temper cure,
To stand before Thy throne.

TESTIMONY.

*Suitable for Testimony Meetings, Free and Easys,
and all meetings of a rejoicing character.*

Tune, "A stranger to God." B. J. 128. P. W. 93.

54 A STRANGER to God, to His love and His
light,

W I wandered about in the darkness of night ;
Sometimes I would pause in my sorrow to hear
A cry in my heart for a Friend to come near.

The name of this Friend do you know ?

The name of this Friend I love so !

It is Jesus, blest name !

There's kindled a flame

Of love in my heart at the sound.

In the flitting pleasures of fashion and sin,
I thought I might hope satisfaction to win ;
But still would the voice of my soul cry to know
A place where to bury its sorrow and woe.

And thus in my wildness, my hardness and fears,
I sowed in my blindness a harvest of tears ;
Till wounded and burdened, from goodness estranged,
I met with a Friend who has everything changed.

The face of the Friend that I met with that day
Bore blood marks of pain, yet the sweetness of May
My heart from its troubles was crying for rest,
So gently I crept to His side and was blest.

He smiled on my sadness, and woke in my soul
New joys and ambitions no power could control ;
I knelt at His feet, while His mercy divine
Proclaimed Him as King and Deliverer mine.

TESTIMONY.

Tune, "Arise, my soul, arise;" S. M., I., 461; or "Darwells;"
S. M., I., 195.

55 **A**RISE, my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

He ever lives above, For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love, His precious blood to plead;
His blood was shed for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds He bears, Received on Calvary,
They pour effectual prayers, They strongly plead for me;
"Forgive Him, oh, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

My God is reconciled, His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child, I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

Tune, "I a soldier sure shall be." B. B. 64. S. M., I., 41.

56 **C**HRIST now sits on Zion's hill,
He receives poor sinners still;
Will you serve this blessed King?
Come, enlist, and with me sing:

I His soldier sure shall be,
Happy in eternity.

I by faith enlisted am,
In the service of the Lamb;
Present pay I now receive,
Peace of conscience He doth give.

What a Captain I have got!
Is not mine a happy lot?
Therefore will I take my sword,
Fight for Jesus Christ my Lord.

TESTIMONY.

Let the world their forces join,
With the powers of hell combine ;
Greater is my King than they ;
Surely I shall win the day.

Soldier comrades, still fight on
Till the battle you have won.
The great Captain you have chose
Never did a battle lose.

Tune, "Come, brethren, dear." B. J. 9. S.M., I., 517.

57 **C**OME, comrades dear, that love the Lord,
Who taste the sweets of Jesu's word,

In Jesu's ways go on ;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

We feel that heaven is now begun ;
It issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesu's throne on high.
It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

And when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply.
Jesus will lead His soldiers forth
To living streams of richest worth,
That never will run dry.

And then we'll shine and shout and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
When all the saints get home.
Come on, come on, my comrades, dear,
We soon shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

"Amen, amen !" my soul replies ;
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim a mansion there ;
Now here's my heart and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
When we shall part no more.

TESTIMONY.

Tune, "Are you ready?" B. B. 5. S. M., II., 49.

58 **C**OURAGE, soldiers, do not falter,
 Bid your doubts and fears depart ;
 Meet the tempter, meet him bravely,
 With a cheerful, trusting heart.

Are you ready? Yes, I'm ready ! (repeat)
 Only waiting till the Master comes ;
 Keep believing and receiving, (repeat)
 Then you'll conquer till the Master comes.

If he tempt and try you sorely,
 Comrades, then, do not despair ;
 But if you are never tempted,
 You should of your state beware.

For the Captain He has told us,
 "In this world ye shall be tried ;
 But My grace shall be sufficient,
 I'll stand closely by your side."

"I will never, never leave you,"
 Is the promise ever sure ;
 But a crown awaits in glory
 Those who to the end endure.

Tune, "I'm happy." B. B. 47. M. S., VI., 97.

59 **G**ONE are the days of wretchedness and sin,
 Gone are the hours of conflict fierce within ;
 Gone far away, no more my soul to know,
 My heart my Saviour's blood is keeping—White as snow.

I'm happy, I'm happy, For with Jesus now I live,
 And constant peace and joy and comfort, He doth give.

Gone are the doubts of a soul that dare not trust,
 Gone are the fears of a heart by sorrow crushed,
 Gone, by the blood swept far from me away ;
 And now I live in constant rapture—Night and day.

Come are the joys of a heart in blood washed white ;
 Come is the peace of a conscience pure and right ;
 Come to my heart, there for ever to remain ; [gain."
 "For me to live is Christ" henceforth, and—"Death is

TESTIMONY.

Tune, "I am a sinner saved." B. J. 93. S. M., I., 260.

60 I AM a sinner saved by grace,
And soon I hope to have a place, In glory.

Sing glory, glory ! Shout glory, glory !
Soon in heaven I hope to be,
And there enjoy the glory. Hallelujah !

I am a warrior here below,
And have to fight where'er I go, To glory.

There I shall meet the blood-washed throng,
And sing the everlasting song, In glory.

There I shall meet the faithful few,
And there I hope to meet with you, In glory.

A glorious crown by faith I view,
And there is also one for you, In glory.

And if no more on earth we meet,
May we again each other greet, In glory.

Tune, "I am saved."

61 I AM saved, I am saved, Jesus bids me go free,
He has bought with a price, Even me, even me.

Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah to my Saviour !
Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah ! amen !

Wondrous love, wondrous love, now the gift I receive,
I have rest in His word, I believe, I believe.

I am cleansed, I am cleansed, I am whiter than snow,
He is mighty to save, This I know, this I know.

I was weak, I am strong, In the power of His might,
And my darkness He's turned Into light, into light.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, All His saints every-
I shall join in the throng, Over there, over there. [where.

TESTIMONY.

Tune, "I feel like singing." S. M., L., 470.

62

c

I FEEL like singing all the time,
My tears are wiped away,
For Jesus is a Friend of mine,
I'll serve Him every day.

Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

When on the Cross my Lord I saw,
Nailed there by sins of mine,
Fast fell the burning tears ; but now
I'm singing all the time.

When fierce temptations try my heart,
I'll sing "Jesus is mine ;"
And so, though tears at times may start,
I'm singing all the time.

Oh, happy, happy, singing one,
What music is like thine ?
With Jesus as thy Life and Sun,
Go singing all the time.

The melting story of the Lamb,
Tell with that voice of thine,
Till others, with the glad new song,
Go singing all the time.

The angels sing a glorious song,
But not a song like mine ;
For I am wash'd in Jesus' blood,
And singing all the time.

Tune, "Since I have been redeemed."

63

c

I HAVE a song I love to sing,
Since I have been redeemed ;
Of my Redeemer, Saviour, King,
Since I have been redeemed.

Since I have been redeemed, (repeat)
I will glory in His name,
Since I have been redeemed,
I will glory in the Saviour's name.

TESTIMONY.

I have a Christ that satisfies, Since, etc. ;
To do His will's my highest prize, Since, etc.

I have a Witness bright and clear, Since, etc. ;
Dispelling every doubt and fear, Since, etc.

I have a joy I can't express, Since, etc.,
All through His blood and righteousness, Since, etc.

I have a home prepared for me, Since, etc. ;
Where I shall dwell eternally, Since, etc.

Tune, "He pardoned a rebel." B. B. 72. S. M., II., 13.

64 I HEARD of a Saviour whose love was so great,
That He laid down His life on a tree ;
v The thorns they were pierced in His beautiful brow,
To pardon a rebel like me.

He pardoned a rebel like me, like me, (repeat)
The thorns they were pierced in His beautiful brow,
To pardon a rebel like me.

They tell me He wept over sinners one day,
Saying, "Oh, that they knew what I do ;
How oft would I gather you under My wing,
And pardon poor rebels like you."

Oh, that love so amazing, it broke my hard heart,
And brought me, dear Jesus, to Thee ;
And I know when I came He did not cast me out,
But He pardoned a rebel like me.

Oh, 'tis true, for poor sinners of all kinds He saves,
And you He will not cast away ;
He waits in His mercy sweet peace to bestow,
So come to the fountain to-day.

Tune, "Oh, the voice." B. B. 2. B. J. 60. S. M., I., 377.

65 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest ;
d Lay down, poor weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon My breast.

TESTIMONY.

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He hath made me glad,

I heard the voice of Jesus say :
" Behold ! I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank,
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul was saved,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say :
" I am this dark world's light ;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
His glories everywhere I'll sound,
Till travelling days are done.

Tune "I bring my heart to Jesus." B. J. 151. S. M., I., 322.
P. W. 58.

66 I LEFT it all with Jesus, Long ago ;
All my sins I brought Him, and my woe ;
When by faith I saw Him, on the tree :
Heard His small still whisper—" 'Tis for thee ;"
From my heart the burden rolled away, happy day.

From my weary heart the burden rolled away,
Happy day, happy day.

I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows
How to steal the bitter from life's woes ;
How to gild the tear drop with His smile,
Make the desert garden bloom awhile ; [light.
When my weakness leaneth on His might, all seems

TESTIMONY.

I leave it all with Jesus day by day,
Faith can firmly trust Him, come what may,
Hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest,
In the calm, sure haven of His breast ;
Love esteems it heaven to abide at His side.

Oh, leave it all with Jesus, drooping soul,
Tell not half the story, but the whole ;
Worlds on worlds are hanging on His hand,
Life and death are waiting His command ;
Yet His tender bosom makes thee room, oh, come home.

Tune, "The Cross now covers." B. J. 80. S. M., I., 103.

67 I STAND all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love ;
And over its waves to my spirit,
Comes peace like a heavenly dove.

The cross now covers my sins,
The past is under the blood,
I'm trusting in Jesus for all,
My will is the will of my God.

I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free ;
But when I had ceased from my struggles,
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

He laid His hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every whit whole ;
I touched the hem of His garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.

The Prince of my peace is now passing,
The light of His face is on me ;
Then listen, beloved, He speaketh—
"My peace I will give unto thee."

TESTIMONY.

Tune, "Jesus is calling;" or "I stood outside the gate;" S. M.,
L., 235.

68 I STOOD outside the gate, A poor, wayfaring
child;

Within my heart there beat A tempest, loud and wild;
A fear oppressed my soul That I should be too late;
And, oh, I trembled so, And prayed outside the gate.

Jesus is calling,
Open your heart's door wide,
Let Him in.

"Mercy!" I loudly cried; "Oh, give me rest from sin!"
"I will," a voice replied, And mercy let me in;
She bound my bleeding wounds, And carried all my sin;
She eased my burdened soul, And gave me peace within.

In Mercy's form I knew, The Saviour long abused,
Who oft had sought my heart, And wept when I refused;
Oh, what a blest return For ignorance and sin!
I stood outside the gate, And Jesus let me in.

Tune, "Champagne Charlie."

69 I WAS a slave for many years,
And, conquered by my sin,
I tried and prayed in doubts and fears,
But still was wrong within.
I heard that Jesus died to save,
From every sin set free;
I gave up trying there and then,
And oh, He set me free.

Oh, bless His name, He set me free!
Bless His name, He set me free!
The blood, the blood, the precious blood,
I'm trusting in the cleansing blood.
Bless His name, He sets me free! (repeat)
I know the past is washed away,
And now in Jesus I am free!

And now I live to God alone,
I live to do His will;
I give myself to God away,
That He my soul may fill.

TESTIMONY.

He takes the offering as it is,
And makes it as He will,
And in the Lamb I've constant peace,
For Jesus says, "Be still!"

And though the world and hell unite
My peace to overthrow,
My trust is in the living God,
Who makes me white as snow.
The precious blood now cleanses me,
And Jesus keeps me right;
My will is swallowed up in God,
I'm walking in the light.

Now in my soul there's constant peace,
A peace I cannot tell;
The living waters bubble up,
And Jesus is the well.
The conflict's o'er, the battle won,
And Jesus is the King;
Where'er I go and while I've breath,
I always mean to sing.

Tune, "Trusting Thee ever." B. J. 143. P. W. 80.

70 I WILL not doubt the heart that loved me,
When its love I cannot feel;
Mem'ries of the past temptations
Cannot from the present steal.

Trusting Thee ever, doubting Thee never,
Kept by Thy hand to sin no more;
Trusting Thee ever, doubting Thee never,
Thou hast my treasure and my store.

I will not doubt the hand that reached me,
When its grasp seems slipped from mine;
Faith shall form the link that binds my
Outstretched arm to power divine.

I will not doubt the eye that sought me,
When my sight life's mists bedim;
'Tis the eye, that found, will guide me
To the goal my soul would win.

TESTIMONY.

I will not doubt the ear that heard me,
When my answer seems delayed !
From my heart no whisper rises,
But 'tis heard before 'tis prayed.

I cannot doubt the blood that bought me,
Self no longer has its throne ;
For the crimson flow of Calvary
Makes and seals me " Not my own !"

Tune, " I'd choose to be a soldier." B. J. 125. S. M., II., 44.

71

T

I'D choose to be a soldier,
To march through storm or flood,
Each day by grace made bolder,
To conquer through the blood.
My highest, sweetest pleasure,
For Christ my Lord to live ;
I scorn the greatest treasure
This dying world can give.

I'm glad I am a soldier,
Battling on for God ;
Each day by grace made bolder,
To conquer through the blood.

I'd rather be Christ's soldier,
And share a martyr's fate,
Than be a titled holder
Of some proud lord's estate ;
I'd rather have salvation,
And bear the whole world's frown,
Than rule the greatest nation,
And wear an earthly crown.

I'd choose to die a soldier,
Upon life's battle-field,
My stiffening hands grown colder,
While grasping sword and shield ;
With joyful acclamation,
I'd cross cold Jordan's flood,
And shout aloud " Salvation !"
A conqueror through the blood.

TESTIMONY.

Tune, "Living beneath." B. J. 109. S. M., II., 9.

72 **I**f you want pardon, if you want peace,
 If you want sorrow or sighing to cease,
 Look up to Jesus, who died on the tree,
 To purchase a full salvation.

Living beneath the shade of the cross,
Counting the jewels of earth but dross;
Cleansed in the blood that flows from His side,
Enjoying a full salvation.

If you want Jesus to dwell in your soul,
Plunge in the fountain, and you shall be whole ;
Washed in the blood of the Crucified one,
Enjoying a full salvation.

If you want boldness, take part in the fight ;
If you want purity, walk in the light ;
If you want liberty, shout and be free ;
Enjoying a full salvation.

If you want holiness, cling to the cross,
Counting the riches of earth as dross ;
Down at His feet you'll be wealthy and wise
Enjoying a full salvation.

Tune, "Home once more." B. J. 47. S. M., II., 30.

73 **I**'M a prodigal come home,
 Never more to stray or roam,
x 'Midst the surges and the breakers of the world ;
 And my heart with joy doth bound,
 For I know the lost is found,
 I'm a prodigal come to his home once more.

Home once more, home once more,
A prodigal returned to his home once more,
I've left the way of sin the devil had me in,
And glory be to God I'm home once more.

TESTIMONY.

My Saviour's voice I hear,
With His accents soft and clear,
Gently whispering peace and comfort to my soul ;
Saying, " Son, be of good cheer,
I am with you, do not fear,"
And the angels sing a welcome home once more.

Though storms may beat around,
I have full salvation found,
On the Rock of Ages now I take my stand ;
And one day I shall be crowned
In that land to which I'm bound,
I'm a prodigal come to his home once more.

When my journey here is o'er,
And I reach the golden shore,
Where the ransomed of the Lord in glory dwell ;
Then where friends have gone before,
I will sing for evermore,
I'm a prodigal come to his home once more.

Tune, " Down at the Saviour's feet." B. J. 64. F. S. 32.

74 I'M glad I ever heard the blessed story,
Of the love so vast and free ;
That gave up all the heaven and the glory,
And bore all the suffering for me.
I'm glad that e'er with broken heart
I sought the mercy seat,
To find relief from my load of sin and grief,
While kneeling at the Saviour's feet. Oh !

Down at the Saviour's feet,
Love finds its heaven all complete ;
Burden's roll away, darkness turns to day,
Down at the Saviour's feet.

A sense of deepest shame and sorrow filled me,
I wept as never before ;
Till Jesus said in tones that strangely thrilled me—
" Arise, go in peace and sin no more."
My blind eyes saw, my fetters fell
A joy supremely sweet
Filled all my soul, as every whit made whole,
I tarried at the Saviour's feet.

TESTIMONY.

The world with all its joys no longer charms me,
For a purer bliss is mine ;
The devil with his darts no longer harms me,
While kept by a power that's divine ;
From inward strife and fear set free,
My victory is complete ;
In joy or pain, in earthly loss or gain,
I have heaven at my Saviour's feet.

Tune, "Bleeding Lamb;" B. J. 3; S. M., II., 91; or "Oh, the Lamb;" B. J. 72.

75

c

I N evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object met my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb upon Calvary,
The Lamb that was slain, that liveth again,
To intercede for me.

I saw One hanging on a tree
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
And plunged me in despair,
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

A second look He gave, which said :
"I freely all forgive,
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I died that thou may'st live."

TESTIMONY.

Tune, "Up in the Golden City." B. J. 182. P. W. 60.

76 I'VE a home bright and fair in yonder city,
To its gates I am marching along ;
When my fighting for Jesus here is over,
I shall then take my place with the throng.
That face to face beholds the Saviour,
In whose praise is raised its song.

Up in the golden city,
A mansion to me will be given,
I am richer by far than a queen or a czar,
I'm an heir of the wealth of heaven.

It is true on the way to yonder city,
I've to cross o'er a cold rolling flood,
But I trust Him to guide me by whose pity,
I've been led to the sin-cleansing blood.
As He said He'll never leave me,
I will trust my Friend, my God.

Do you know there's no place in yonder city,
For a soul that is burdened with guilt ?
Do you know that no sin can ever enter ?
Hasten then to the blood that was spilt
To cleanse from sin, and with me journey
To the city God has built.

Tune, "He's the Lily of the Valley." B. J. 7. S. M., II., 18.

77 I'VE found a Friend in Jesus, He's everything to me,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul
The Lily of the Valley, in Him alone I see
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay,
He tells me every care on Him to roll ;
He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star ;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

TESTIMONY.

He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne,
In temptation He's my strong and mighty tower ;
I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn
From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power ;
Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me
Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal. [sore,

He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,
While I live by faith and do His blessed will ;
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear ;
With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill :
Then sweeping up to glory to see His blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever flow.

Tune, "Oh, what a Christ have I." B. J. 75. S. M., I., 428.
M. S., I., 65

78 I'VE found the Pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy ;
c And sing I must, for Christ I have,
Oh, what a Christ have I

My Christ, He is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings ;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

My Christ, He is the Tree of Life,
Which in God's garden grows ;
Whose fruits do feed, whose leaves do heal,
My Christ is Sharon's Rose.

My Christ, He is the Heaven of heavens,
My Christ, what shall I call ?
My Christ is first, My Christ is last,
My Christ is all in all.

Tune, "Glory to His name." B. B. 38. S. M., II., 37.

79 JUST as I was, to Christ I came,
Feeling my sins and guilt and shame ;
R I knew there was no other name
By which I could be saved.

TESTIMONY.

Glory to His name ! Glory to His name !
There to my heart was the blood applied,
Glory to His name.

Just as I was, He pardoned me,
From all my sins He set me free,
And now His soldier I will be,
For I know I'm saved.

Just as I was, I came again,
Now to be cleansed from every stain ;
Oh ! Hallelujah to His name !
Now I'm fully saved.

Just as I was, I knew Christ died
That even I may be sanctified,
Set free from sin, and self, and pride,
I am fully saved.

Tune, "Gone is my burden." M. S., IV., 99.

80 JUST from the fountain, and now I can sing,
Happy, oh, happy in Jesus ;
Just from the fount of the life-giving stream,
Happy, oh, happy in Jesus.

Gone is my burden, He's rolled it away ;
Opened my eyes to the light of the day ;
Now in the fulness of joy I can sing,
Happy, oh, happy in Jesus.

Just from the fountain, 'twas sweet to be there,
Saved through the merits of Jesus ;
Asking the aid of His Spirit in prayer,
Holding communion with Jesus.

Just from the fountain of mercy are we,
Saved through the merits of Jesus ;
Sinner, this fountain is flowing for thee,
Come and be happy in Jesus.

TESTIMONY.

Tune, "We shall win." B. J. 28. S. M., I., 249.

81

H

LET us sing of His love once again,
Of the love that can never decay;
Of the blood of the Lamb that was slain,
Till we praise Him again in that day.

I believe, Jesus saves,
And His blood makes me whiter than snow.

There is cleansing and healing for all
Who will wash in the life-giving flood;
There is life everlasting and joy
At the right hand of God, through the blood.

Even now, while we taste of His love,
We are filled with delight at His name;
Oh, what will it be when above
We shall join in the song of the Lamb?

Then we'll march in His name till we come
At His bidding, to enter our rest;
And the Father shall welcome us home
To our place in the realms of the blest.

So with banners unfurled to the breeze,
Our motto shall "Holiness" be,
Till the crown from His hands we shall seize,
And the King in His glory we'll see.

Tune, "Dare to be a Daniel.." S. M., I., 158.

82

LIVING in the fountain, walking in the light,
Now and ever trusting, Jesus and His might.

I will be a soldier, I will fight for God, [blood.
I will live to save poor sinners, bought with Jesus'

Always realizing Jesus and His smile,
To be ever with me, in me all the while.

Having for my portion Jesus and His joy,
Joy which none can hinder, Nothing can alloy.

TESTIMONY.

Living and believing, saved from every fear,
Working and receiving Heavenly wages here.

By and by He'll bid me "Lay the weapons down,
Ended is the warfare, Come and take thy crown."

Tune, "My God, I am Thine." B. J. 117. S. M., I., 58.

83 **M**Y God, I am Thine ; what a comfort divine ;
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine !

Hallelujah ! send the glory. Hallelujah ! Amen.
Hallelujah ! send the glory. Revive us again.

In the Heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the sound of His name.

True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,
And whoever has found it, has paradise found.

My Jesus to know, and to feel His blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast,
That, that is the fulness, but this is the taste.

And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesu's love.

Tune, "Christ for me." B. B. 48. S. M., I., 23.

84 **M**Y heart is fixed, eternal God, Fixed on Thee ;
And my immortal choice is made, Christ for
P me,

He is my Prophet, Priest and King,
Who did for me salvation bring,
And while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ for me.

Let others boast of heaps of gold,
His riches never can be told,
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honors perish in a day,
My portion never can decay.

TESTIMONY.

In pining sickness, or in health,
In deepest poverty, or wealth,
And in that all-important day,
When I the summons must obey,
And pass from this dark world away.

At home, abroad, by night and day,
Where'er I preach, or sing, or pray,
Him first and last, Him all day long,
My hope, my solace, and my song ;
Convince me if you think I'm wrong.

Now who can sing my song and say,
My life and truth, my light and way,
Then here's my heart, and here's my hand,
We'll form a happy, singing band,
And shout aloud throughout the land.

Tune, "Oh, turn ye." B. J. 86. S. M., L, 160.

85 **M**Y Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine ;
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign ;
w My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus 'tis now.

love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon when nailed to the tree ;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow ;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath ;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee and dwell in Thy sight ;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

TESTIMONY.

Tune, "Glory to the bleeding Lamb." B. B. 69. S. M., I., 13.

86 **M**Y Saviour suffered on the tree,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb ;
Oh, come and praise the Lord with me,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb !
I love the sound of Jesus' name,
It sets my spirit all in a flame,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

He bore my sins, and curse, and shame,
And I am saved through Jesus' name.

I know my sins are all forgiven,
And I am on my way to heaven.

And when the fighting here is o'er,
I'll sing upon a happier shore.

And this my ceaseless song shall be,
That Jesus tasted death for me.

Tune, "O, joyful sound." B. J. 113. S. M., I., 102.

87 **M**Y soul is now united to Christ, the living vine,
His grace I long have slighted, but now I
T feel Him mine ;
I was to God a stranger, till Jesus took me in,
He freed my soul from danger, and pardoned all my sin.

Soon as my all I ventured on the atoning blood,
The Holy Spirit entered, and I was born of God ;
My sins are all forgiven, I feel His blood applied,
And I shall go to heaven if I in Christ abide.

By floods and flames surrounded, I still my way pursue,
Nor shall I be confounded with glory in my view,
Still Christ is my salvation—what can I covet more ?
I fear no condemnation, my Father's wrath is o'er.

TESTIMONY.

Tune, "Eaton." B. J. 167. S. M., I., 309. M. S., VI., 7.

88 **N**OW I have found the ground wherein,
Sure my soul's anchor may remain ;
G The wounds of Jesus for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain.
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

O, love ! thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in Thee ;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me ;
While Jesu's blood through earth and skies,
Mercy—free, boundless mercy cries.

With faith I plunge me in this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;
Hither when hell assails I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast ;
Away sad doubt and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all, and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn :
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, Thy mercy never dies.

Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away.
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

Tune, "Now the chains of sin are broken."

89 **N**OW the chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I'm free ;
Christ the word of power has spoken,
Unto me, to me.

Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! Jesus died for me ;
Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! I am free, I'm free.

TESTIMONY.

Soon as I by faith received Him,
Fled the night, the night ;
In the moment I believed Him,
Came the light, the light.

All the fetters that oppressed me
Now are riven, are riven ;
With His precious love He blessed me,
This to me is heaven.

I will tell the wondrous story
Of His grace and love ;
He has filled my soul with glory,
Praise the Lord above.

Tune, "With panting heart" ("Oh, happy day!"). B. J. 6. S. M.,
I., 231.

90 O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God !
A Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and He is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice Divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

TESTIMONY.

Tune, "Redeeming love." B.B. 70. B. J. 26. S. M., I., 26.

91 O H, how happy are we who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up our treasures above ;
Y Tongue can never express the sweet comfort and
Of a soul filled with Jesus' love. [peace,

We'll all shout "Hallelujah!" as we march along
And we'll sing our Saviour's love, [the way,
With the shining hosts above,
And with Jesus we'll be happy all the day.

That sweet comfort is mine, now the favor Divine
I have got through the blood of the Lamb ;
With my heart I believe, and what joy I receive,
What a heaven in Jesus' name !

'Tis a heaven below my Redeemer to know ;
The angels can do nothing more
Than fall at His feet, and the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

Jesus all the day long is my sun and my song ;
Oh, that all His salvation might see !
He doth love me, I cry, He did suffer and die,
All to save such a rebel as me.

Tune, "Reign, oh, reign." B. B. 66. S. M., II., 27.

92 O H, I'm glad I am converted
In the Army of the Lord ;
Oh, I'm glad I am converted
In the Army.

Reign, oh ! reign, my Saviour,
Reign, oh, reign, my Lord ;
Send the sanctifying power
In the Army of the Lord ;
Send the sanctifying power
In the Army.

Oh ! the Saviour wants no cowards.

Oh ! He says you must live holy.

He will fill you with His Spirit.

Oh ! I feel the power is coming.

TESTIMONY.

Tune, "My heart is now whiter than snow." B. B. 30. S. M.,
II., 75.

93 O H! it's nice to be sure that your sins are no
And your heart is white and clean, 'more,
That you've found the Pearl of greatest Price,
And full salvation seen.
There's nothing so dear as to be quite clear
That you're on the narrow way,
Which leads from the path of sin and death,
To the realms of endless day.

My heart is now whiter than snow,
And Jesus abides with me here,
My sins, which were many, I know,
Are pardoned, my title is clear.

Oh, can I serve my Saviour here,
Without committing sin?
And can I always know and feel
That Jesus lives within?
Oh, yes, for by His word I know,
He'll take my sin away,
And help me by His power to live
Blameless from day to day.

There are many who doubt His wondrous power,
To save from sin down here,
And to keep in perfect peace every hour
My soul from doubt and fear;
But to me there was nothing more simple or plain,
For His promise I only claimed,
And gave Him my heart forever to keep,
And within it then He reigned.

Tune, "Oh, we are going to wear a crown." B. J. 72. S. M., I., 77.

94. O H, we are going to wear a crown,
To wear a starry crown.

R

Away over Jordan, with our blessed Jesus,
Away over Jordan, to wear a starry crown.

You must be saved to wear a crown.

TESTIMONY.

You must be cleansed to wear a crown.
You must live upright to wear a crown.
You must fight the fight to wear a crown.
We'll fight the fight to wear that crown.

Tune "Oh, what battles." B. J. 5. S. M., II., 86

95 O H, what battles I've been in,
And what conflicts I have seen,
* But in darkness, as in brightness, He is mine
Oh, what mocking and what shame
I can suffer for His name,
For in glory as the stars He'll make me shine.

Washed in the blood white as snow,
Nothing am I seeking here below ;
There's no more strife for my soul I know,
And naught can my peace overthrow.

What a sinner I have been,
What a Saviour I have seen,
For He saved me from my sorrow and my woe ;
And when lost to all around,
My Redeemer then I found,
And His pardoning love and mercy now I know.

Oh, what mighty, wondrous love
Brought my Saviour from above,
On the Cross to shed His blood and die for me !
Oh, I'll serve Him with my might,
In His service I'll delight,
For the blood from sin's dark bondage sets me free.

Tune, "Oh, how He loves" ("Poor Mary Ann"); B. J. 95; S.
M., I., 28; or "Weep not for me."

96 O NE there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves !
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how He loves !
Earthly friends may fail and leave us ;
Of the best death will bereave us,
But this Friend will never leave us,
Oh, how He loves !

TESTIMONY.

Blessed Jesus! wouldst thou know Him?
Give thyself this moment to Him.
Best of blessings He'll provide thee,
Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory He will guide thee.

'Tis eternal life to know Him;
Think, oh, think how much we owe Him.
With His precious blood He bought us,
Wandering on in sin He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us.

Let us then this love keep viewing
And, though faint, keep on pursuing.
He will strengthen each endeavor;
And when passed o'er death's cold river,
This shall be our theme forever.

Tune, "Mighty to keep." B. J. 68. P. W. 41.

97 SOMETIMES I'm tried with toil and care,
Sometimes I'm weak and worn;
Sometimes it looks so dark everywhere,
Instead of the rose, the thorn.
These are the times when tempted sore,
A voice in my ear doth speak—
"Unsheath thy sword, there's vict'ry before,
Thy Saviour is mighty to keep."

I have a Saviour who's mighty to keep,
Mighty to keep { ever more.
 { even me.

Never I've known a cloud so dark,
Never a power so strong,
Never a wolf so fiercely to bark,
Never a night so long—
But they all vanished, and fell, and fled,
And left me to wonder, not weep;
How I could ever have doubted at all
A Saviour so mighty to keep.

TESTIMONY.

Jesus, I'll trust Thee more and more,
Trust where I cannot trace,
Trust when I hear the ocean's roar,
Trust when the foe I face.
Thou wilt be more than life to me,
So broad, so high, so deep,
Changing the thunder into glee,
Able to save and to keep.

Tune, "Jesus saves me now." S. M., I., 192.

98 **T**HIS is the glorious Gospel word,
Our God His heavens doth bow,
c And cry to each believing heart,
That Jesus saves me now.

Jesus saves me now,
Yes, Jesus saves me all the time,
Jesus saves me now.

God speaks, who cannot lie ; why then
One doubt should I allow ?
I doubt Him not, but take His word,
And Jesus saves me now !

Temptations here upon me press,
No strength is mine, I know ;
Yet more than conqueror am I,
For Jesus saves me now !

Whate'er my future may require,
His grace will sure allow ;
I live a moment at a time,
And Jesus saves me now !

Tune, "Joy without alloy." B. J. 94. M.S., II., 82.

99 **T**HOUGH I wandered far from Jesus,
s In the paths of sin ;
Yet I heard Him gently calling :
"Wanderer, come in."

Yes, He gave me peace and pardon,
Joy without alloy.

TESTIMONY.

Though my burden pressed me sorely,
And my needs were great ;
Christ released me ; free from bondage
He my soul did make.

Now I live for Christ, my Saviour,
Live to do His will ;
Though the path be dark and thorny,
Yet, I'll conquer still.

Tune, " We shall be among the angels."

100 **T**O that bright land where all is fair
We shall go right away to Jesus when we die ;
Where God has dried the mourner's tear,
We shall go right away when we die.

We shall be among the angels by-and-bye, (repeat)
And we shall not have a fear when death draws nigh,
We shall go right away to Jesus.

To join the blood-washed round the throne,
Where spotless robes and crowns are worn.

Departed friends to meet again,
Where sin ne'er comes, nor grief, nor pain.

We're happy as to heaven we go,
The thought does make our hearts o'erflow.

To meet the souls we've helped to win,
To give the glory to our King.

Tune, " 'Twas His dying love." M. S., V., 162.

101 **'T**WAS His dying love to me, On the Cross of
Calvary,
'Twas the dying love of Jesus, 'Twas His dying set me free.

Only Jesus will I know,
Only Jesus will I know ;
'Twas His dying love to me
Broke my heart and set me free.

TESTIMONY.

When He hung upon the tree, In His grief and agony,
When I heard Him cry, 'tis finished, Then I knew He
died for me.

Even now I feel Him near, and His presence me doth
cheer, [near.
For amid the clouds and darkness, Blessed Jesus, He is
When death's shady vale is nigh, And I have to say
good-bye, [on high.
I shall have no fear to meet Him, I shall reign with Him

Tune, "We are out on the ocean sailing." B. B. 74.

102 **W**E are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide ;
J We are out on the ocean sailing,
To our home beyond the tide.

All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor ;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To our home beyond the tide.

Millions now are safely landed,
Over on the golden shore ;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

We have kindred over yonder,
On that bright and happy shore ;
By and bye we'll swell the number,
When the toils of life are o'er.

When we all are safely anchored,
Over on the shining shore,
We will march about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore.

Tune, "Tell them all to meet me there."

103 **W**E'RE on our way to glory,
That land so bright and fair,
T And when we're safely anchored,
Say, shall we meet you there ?

TESTIMONY.

We'll wave a palm of vict'ry,
We'll wear a crown of gold,
We'll sing His praise forever there,
Whose love can ne'er be told. Oh !

Tell them all to meet there,
Tell them all to come ;
We shall have a happy time,
When we arrive at home ;
We will march together,
We will join the band,
We will praise our Saviour
In that happy, happy land.

The way to heaven was opened
By Christ upon the cross ;
There He became our ransom,
For us He suffered loss.
A free and full salvation
Is offered now to all ;
Then, seek this Pearl so priceless,
And obey His gracious call. Oh !

You've loved ones safely landed
Upon that heavenly shore ;
You've promised you would meet them
When all life's storms are o'er.
Say, are you steering onwards
To meet them over there ?
Or are you drifting downwards
To the regions of despair ? Oh !

Tune, "Go on." M. S., IV., 42.

104 **W**HEN darkest storms your path surround,
Go on ! go on !
When foes on every side abound,
Go on ! go on !
Armed with the power of Jesus' might,
You'll conquer in the fight.

My many, many sins He pardoned me,
From doubts and fears He keeps me free ;
From victory to victory,
I, by His grace, "go on."

TESTIMONY.

When gloomy clouds hang o'er your sky,
Stay not to ask the reason why,
Oft questionings wild tempests raise,
There's peace when one obeys.

Though comrades turn and leave their post,
They may be those we trusted most,
To God's enduring ones are given
The choicest gifts of heaven.

Should sorrow's waves sweep o'er your heart,
Though tears of sadness oft may start,
The Christ who wipes all tears away,
Will be your staff and stay.

Tune, "At the Cross." B. J. 4. S. M., II., 65.

105

WHEN my heart was so hard
That I ne'er would regard
The salvation held up to my sight ;
To the cross when I came
In my darkness and shame,
It was there where I first saw the light.

At the cross, at the cross,
Where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith
I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

For my blindness, I thought,
That no power could have wrought
Such a marvel of wonder and might.
But 'twas done, for I felt
At the cross as I knelt,
That my darkness was turned into light.

Then the gloom had all passed,
And, rejoicing at last,
I was sure that my soul was made right ;
For my Lord I could see
In His love died for me,
On the cross, where I first saw the light.

HOLINESS.

Suitable for all Holiness and Consecration Meetings.

Tune, "Come in, my Lord, come in." B. B. 27. B. J. 46. S. M.,
I., 483.

106 **A** LIFE at peace with God,
With Jesus in the soul ;
F A heart within cleansed in the blood,
By Him made fully whole.
From death to life divine,
From darkness into light,
He speaks the word, and it is done,
The soul receives its sight.

Come in, my Lord, come in,
And make my heart Thy home,
Come in, and cleanse my soul from sin,
And dwell with me alone.

A life of holy joy,
In union with the Lord,
Whose praise doth now our tongues employ,
Delighting in His word.
His grace so freely given
In every time of need,
Doth help us on our way to heaven,
To scatter precious seed.

A life of faith and prayer,
That God will save the world ;
Will to all men His arm make bare,
His precious truths unfold.

HOLINESS.

His love so great and true,
Freely bestowed on all,
His mercies night and morning new,
To all who on Him call.

A life of constant war,
Against the powers of hell ;
Against the sins we now abhor,
Though once we loved them well.
With Gospel armor on,
And filled with power divine,
Still greater victories may be won,
Still greater triumphs shine.

Tune, "Fully trusting." S. M., I., 499.

107 **A**LL my doubts I give to Jesus,
I've His gracious promise heard :
I "shall never be confounded,"
Only trusting in His word.

I am trusting, fully trusting,
Only trusting in His word.

All my sins I lay on Jesus,
He doth wash me in His blood ;
He doth keep me pure and holy ;
He will bring me home to God.

All my fears I give to Jesus,
Rests my weary soul on Him ;
Though my way be hid in darkness,
Never can my light grow dim.

All my joys I give to Jesus,
He is all I want of bliss ;
He of all the worlds is Master.
He has all I need in this.

All I am I give to Jesus—
All my body, all my soul ;
All I have, and all I hope for,
While eternal ages roll.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "Holy Spirit, come." B. J. 183. M.S., II., 83.

108 **A**LL the guilty past is washed away,
From its penalty I'm free ;
Holy Spirit, now Thy might display,
Lead me on to full salvation.

Holy Spirit, come, oh, come !
Let Thy work in me be done !
All that hinders shall be thrown aside ;
Make me fit to be Thy dwelling.

Come, O Spirit, come to sanctify
All my body, mind, and will ;
Come, oh, come, and self now crucify,
Let me henceforth be like Jesus.

Make me, Holy Spirit, strong to fight
For the Lord who died for me ;
Help me point the lost to Calvary's height,
Where for sinners there is mercy.

Perfect joy, and perfect peace is mine,
For my plea is heard by Thee ;
Thou art filling me with grace divine,
Fitted now for Thine indwelling.

Tune, "Friend of sinners." B. J. 56. S. M., I., 134.

109 **A**LL things are possible to him
Who can in Jesus' name believe ;
Lord, I no more Thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive ;
I can, I do believe in Thee,
All things are possible to me.

The most impossible of all
Is that I e'er from sin should cease ;
Yet, shall it be ? I know it shall ;
Jesus, look to Thy faithfulness.
If nothing is too hard for Thee,
All things are possible to me.

HOLINESS.

When Thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I here shall in Thine image shine,
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought ;
Let men exclaim, and fiends repine ;
They cannot break the firm decree :
All things are possible to me.

All things are possible to God,
To Christ, the power of God in man ;
To me, when I am all renewed,
When I in Christ am formed again ;
And witness from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

Tune, "Land ahead." S. M., 1., 324.

110

J

ALL to me of life worth living,
All the joy I care to feel,
All for past my pardon giving,
All for present, wondrous seal.

Jesus is my strength and might, Jesus is my soul's delight,
Jesus keeps from bondage free, He is all in all to me.

All to me, my all I counted
But as dross, His smile to win ;
Gladly on His cross I mounted,
There to die to all but Him.

All to me ! He sought my spirit
When it wandered from His face ;
All to me ! for I inherit
All the wonders of His grace.

All to me ! with Him I'm risen
Far above the dismal grave ;
All to me ! of earth and heaven,
He the mighty One to save.

All to me ! earth has no pleasure,
Faded are its gilded toys ;
The possession of this treasure
Spoils my heart for lesser joys.

HOLINESS.

All I had to love and pity,
When I struggled with despair ;
All I had, when crushed and guilty,
Yet to listen to my prayer.

All I have, He is my Saviour,
All I have, He is in all ;
While I'm walking in His favor,
I have heaven though ills befall.

Tune, "I have not much to give." B. J. 88. M. S., II., 91.

111 **A**ND is it so, a gift from me,
Dost Thou, dear Lord, request ?
c Then speak Thy will, whate'er it be,
Obeying, I am blest.

I have not much to give Thee, Lord,
For that great love which made Thee mine ;
I have not much to give Thee, Lord,
But all I have is Thine.

And dost Thou ask a gift from me ?
The talents I possess ?
Such as I have I give to Thee,
That others I may bless.

And dost Thou ask a gift from me ?
The gift of passing time ?
My hours I'll give, not grudgingly,
I feel by right they're Thine.

And dost Thou ask a gift from me ?
A loving, faithful heart ?
'Tis Thine, for Thou at Calvary
For me with all didst part.

And dost Thou ask a gift from me ?
A human form like mine ?
Revealed through me, Lord, wouldst Thou be ?
My body I'll resign.

And is it so, that gifts like these,
My Saviour will receive ?
Then use them, Lord, as Thou dost please,
For all to Thee I give.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "Anything for Jesus," B. B. 76. S. M., I., 512.

112 **A**NYTHING for Jesus, I will do or dare,
Gladly in His glory or His sorrow share ;
u I will be a soldier, loyal, brave and true,
Ready, at His bidding, just to be or do.

Anything for Jesus, I will do and not fear ;
Anywhere for Jesus, be it far or near.

Everything for Jesus, nothing I withhold,
Henceforth, by His wishes, every thought controlled ;
I would be His servant, gladly to fulfil
All His love revealeth of His wondrous will.

Anything for Jesus, be it peace or pain,
His continual presence is my constant gain ;
Childlike I will trust Him thro' this little while,
Daily looking upwards, just to catch His smile.

Nothing without Jesus, nothing great or small,
Troubles may oppose me, He shall know them all ;
As the bride revealeth all things to her lord,
So my heart concealeth neither thought or word.

Everything in Jesus, all complete I stand,
Righteousness receiving at His royal hand ;
One with Him in glory, reigning on His throne,
Self now lost in Jesus, walk with Him alone.

Tune "How will you do?" B. J. 174. S. M., I., 31.

113 **A**S I am before Thy face, Saviour, I pray ;
Let the merits of Thy grace Claim me to-day.
Canst Thou my poor treasure take,
And my heart Thy temple make ?
Can my sins for Thy dear sake, Be washed away ?

As I am my griefs I lay, Down at Thy feet ;
Stoop to kiss my tears away, Lord, I entreat.
None but Thine own hand can heal,
None but Thine own eye reveal,
All I want and all I feel ; Lord, let me come.

HOLINESS.

As I am so tired of strife, Lord, let me come ;
As I am for death or life, Lord, let me come.
Crowds of fears obstruct my way
Past defeats would bid me stay,
Yet in child-like faith I pray, Lord, let me come.

All my past is known to Thee, Lord, let me come
All my future Thou canst see, Lord, let me come. ,
Take me, I can trust my all
In Thy hands, whate'er befall,
Then no tempest shall appal ; Lord, let me come !

Tune, " At last this vain world." S. M., I., 444.

114 A T last this vain world shall all go,
Its charms I now see are but dross ;
For none but my Saviour I'll know,
I'll glory alone in the cross.
Dear Saviour, now seal me Thine own,
Thine image stamp wholly in me,
My heart shall be ever Thy throne,
From sin keep it evermore free.

Go, friends that would keep me from Him,
Go joys that would share with His love,
Go hopes that would draw me to sin,
Go all that from Him would remove.
Come, sorrow, if only in Thee,
I shall cling to my Saviour and God ;
From doubting and fearing set free,
To rejoice evermore in my Lord.

I have loved ones before the white throne,
Shouting anthems of gladness and praise ;
Their raptures I'd join as my own,
Exultant in heavenly grace.
I'd sit on the banks of the stream,
And tell of that wonderful name ;
I'd bathe in the glories that beam
From the presence of God and the Lamb.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "At the Cross." B. J. 130. P. W. 16.

115 **A**T the cross how many voices ringing,
Seem to find an echo in my heart,
And the sounds a new ambition bringing,
Hours with richer wealth impart.
For I hear them saying lives are wasted
When they're spent in hoarding treasure here,
But a wealth of glory lies behind
The hand that wipes away a tear.

Only one intention, Only one ambition,
Lord at the cross I claim it mine ;
Every treasure spending, In Thy cause contending,
Held by the power of a love like Thine.

At the cross, for there the voice is loudest,
I am gazing on a visage marred,
And relinquishing the best and proudest,
That the way of love has barred,
In the picture of that loving anguish
Something worth its bitterness I've gleaned,
Filling earth with hope, and thrilling heaven with
For a world redeemed. [gladness,

Tune, "I hear Thy welcome voice." B. J. 51. S. M., I., 276.

116 **B**EFORE Thy face, dear Lord,
Myself I want to see ;
E And while I every question sing,
I want to answer Thee.

While I speak to Thee, Lord, Thy goodness show ;
Am I what I ought to be ? O Saviour, let me know.

Am I what once I was ?
Have I that ground maintained
Wherein I walked in power with Thee,
And Thou my soul sustained ?

Do I possess a heart
In thought and action clean ?
From Monday morn till Sunday eve
Has my salvation been ?

HOLINESS.

Have I the zeal I had
When Thou didst me ordain
To preach Thy word and seek Thy lost.
Or do I feel it pain ?

Have I a truthful heart—
A conscience quick to feel
The baseness of a false excuse,
The touch of what's unreal ?

Do I my comrade slight,
Or envy him his place ?
Do I exaggerate his faults,
Or speak behind his face ?

Am I the one to go
Where all is big and bright ?
And have I lost the zeal I knew
To share the hardest fight ?

Have I forgot the debt
Thou cam'st for me to pay,
And harbored 'gainst some comrade here
A grudge I mean to pay ?

Do I my service give,
And not its spirit know ?
Why do I talk, and sing, and work,
Is it for love or show ?

Tune, "Begone, vain world." B. J. 191. S. M., I., 388.

117 **B**EAGONE, vain world, thou hast no charms for
me,

My captive soul has long been held by thee ;
I listened long to thy vain song,
And thought thy music sweet,
And thus my soul lay grovelling at thy feet.

What are thy charms, could I command the whole ?
Thy mingled sweets could never feed a soul,
A nobler prize attracts mine eyes,
Where trees immortal grow,
A fruitful land where milk and honey flow.

HOLINESS.

My soul through grace, on wings of faith shall rise
Toward that dear place where my possession lies ;
That sacred land, at God's right hand,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where Jesus pleads, and makes my cause His own.

Amazing grace ! does Jesus plead for me ?
Then sure I am the captive must be free ;
For while He does for sinners plead,
He's anxious to prevail,
And I believe His blood can never fail.

He signed the deed with His atoning blood,
And ever lives to make the payment good ;
Should hell, and sin, and law come in,
To urge a second claim,
They all retire at mention of His name.

Tune, "Thou art a mighty Saviour." B. J. 75. M. S., II., 21.

118 **B**LESSED Lamb of Calvary,
 Thou hast done great things for me ;
M Thou didst leave Thy home above,
 Thou didst suffer out of love.

Thou art a mighty Saviour, Thy love can never waver,
Thou shalt be mine forever, And Thine alone I'll be.

Thou wast to the slaughter led,
Thou didst bow Thy sacred head ;
'Twas for me Thy blood was spilt,
That I might be cleansed from guilt.

In Thy mercy, rich and free,
Thou hast pardoned even me ;
Thou hast kept me every hour,
By Thy Holy Spirit's power.

Draw me closer, Lord, to Thee,
May my life a blessing be ;
May it be a life of love,
Lord, supply me from above.

HOLINESS.

Now, Lord, let Thy life so shine,
That the world may know I'm Thine ;
May I bear much fruit in Thee,
That will stand eternally.

Tune, "Hark, the voice." B. B. 57. B. J. 51. P. W. 57.

119 **B**LESSED Lord, in Thee is refuge,
Safety for my trembling soul,
Power to lift my head when drooping
'Midst the angry billows roll
I will trust Thee, All my life Thou shalt control.

In the past too unbelieving
'Midst the tempest I have been,
And my heart has slowly trusted
What my eyes have never seen ;
Blessed Jesus, Teach me on Thy arm to lean.

Oh, for trust that brings the triumph,
When defeat seems strangely near ;
Oh, for faith that changes fighting
Into victory's ringing cheer !
Faith triumphant, Knowing not defeat or fear.

Tune, "Willoughby." B. J. 169. S. M., L., 223.

120 **B**UT can it be that I should prove
Forever faithful to Thy love,
From sin forever cease ?
I thank Thee for the blessed hope,
It lifts my drooping spirits up,
It gives me back my peace.

In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Mighty, and merciful, and just,
Thy sacred word is past ;
And I, who dare Thy word receive,
Without committing sin shall live,
Shall live to God at last.

HOLINESS.

I rest in Thine almighty power ;
The name of Jesus is a tower
That hides my life above ;
Thou canst, Thou wilt my helper be !
My confidence is all in Thee,
The faithful God of love.

While still to Thee for help I call,
Thou wilt not suffer me to fall,
Thou canst not let me sin ;
And Thou shalt give power to pray,
Till all my sins are purged away,
And all Thy mind brought in.

Tune, "No sorrow there." S. M., I., 81.

121 CALLED from above, I rise, And wash away my
sin ;

E The stream to which my spirit flies Can make the
foulest clean.

Oh, pour it in my soul, Oh, pour it in my soul,
The Spirit of Immanuel, Oh, pour it in my soul.

It runs divinely clear, A fountain deep and wide, [side.
'Twas opened by the soldier's spear In my Redeemer's

Deep in my soul I feel The living waters spring, [sing.
And joy the wondrous news to tell, And full salvation

Oh, life-reviving flood, Through all my senses flow !
Till all I am is lost in God, And I but Jesus know.

My thirsty spirit craves No lesser joy than this,
To know that Jesus fully saves, And I am fully His.

Tune, "We're marching to Zion." B. B. 68. S. M., I., 504.

122 CHILD, wilt thou give to me All that is dear to
thee,

E Thy spirit, soul, and body's powers, Thy goods and
all thy hours?

I will, Lord ! I will, Lord ! I'll give it all to Thee, Lord !
I will, Lord ! I will, Lord ! I'll give it all to Thee.

HOLINESS.

I want to reign within, And cleanse thee from all sin ;
Wilt thou from every idol part, Love Me with all thy heart ?

Reproach the world may give, If thou for Me dost live ;
Canst thou in all things joyful be, And leave each care
with Me ?

Close sheltered in My side, Thou mayst e'er abide ;
Wilt thou just now this covert seek With humble heart
and meek ?

Wilt thou My witness be When others fear and flee ?
Wilt thou My promises believe, With Me the future leave ?

Tune, "Sovereignty." B. B. 21. S. M., I., 493.

123 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, all quickening fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest :
G Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
Oh, come, and consecrate my breast !
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix Thy sacred presence there.

Eager for Thee, I ask, and pant,
So strong, the principle divine
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallowed soul is Thine ;
Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in Thine immensity.

My peace, my life, my comfort Thou,
My treasure, and my all Thou art ;
True witness of my sonship, now
Engraving pardon on my heart ;
Seal of my sins, in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

Come, then, my God, mark out Thine heir,
Of heaven a larger earnest give ;
With clearer light Thy witness bear ;
More sensibly within me live.
Let all my powers Thine entrance feel,
And deeper stamp Thyself the seal.

HOLINESS.

Tunc, "Come in, my Lord, come in." B. B. 27. B. J. 46. S. M.,
I., 483.

124 COME in, my Lord, come in,
And make my heart Thy home ;
Come in, and cleanse my soul from sin,
And dwell with me alone.
Thyself to me be given,
In fulness of Thy love ;
Thyself alone will make my heaven,
Though all Thy gifts remove.

Come in, my Lord, come in,
And make my heart Thy home ;
Come in, and cleanse my soul from sin,
And dwell with me alone.

Come in, my Lord, come in,
Show forth Thy saving power ;
Restore, renew, release from sin—
Oh, save this very hour.
Thy promise now I claim,
By faith put in my plea,
And trust in that Almighty name—
Immanuel, and Thee.

My Lord, Thou dost come in—
I feel it in my soul ;
I hear Thy words, my Saviour-King,
"Be every whit made whole."
Glory to God on High !
Let heaven and earth agree,
My rising Christ to magnify—
For lo ! He lives with me.

Tune, "Come, comrades dear." B. B. 9. S. M., I., 517.

125 COME, Jesus, Lord, with holy fire,
Come and my quickened heart inspire,
Cleansed in Thy precious blood ;
Now to my soul Thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
Since I am born of God.

HOLINESS.

M.,

Let nothing now my heart divide,
Since with Thee I am crucified,
And live to God in Thee ;
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Jesus my glory be.

Me with a quenchless thirst inspire,
A longing, infinite desire,
And fill my craving heart ;
Less than Thyself, oh, do not give :
In might Thyself within me live ;
Come all Thou hast and art.

My will be swallowed up in Thee,
Light in Thy light still may I see,
In Thine unclouded face ;
Called the full strength of trust to prove,
Let all my quickened heart be love,
My spotless life be praise.

Tune, "The Judgment Day." B. J. 65. M. S., I., 77.

126 COME in, Thou blessed of the Lord,
Spirit of God, come in ;
c Enlarge my soul in all its powers,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

Ah, come and lead me to the fount,
Of Jesus' precious blood,
That I may there be filled with all
The fulness of our God.

Come as the blessed light from heaven,
Fill all my soul with love,
And let my vessel overflow
With glory from above.

Come as the fire, and melt my heart,
Like wax before the sun ;
And make me feel down here below
That glory has begun.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "Wareham." B. J. 151. S. M., I., 459.

127

A

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace ;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for Thyself prepare the place.

Oh, let Thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which shall not have another will,
But day and night shall feast on Thee.

While in this region here below
No other good will I pursue ;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu !

Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul ;
Possess it Thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

Wealth, honor, pleasure, and what else
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,
To Christ alone resolved to live.

Nothing on earth do I desire,
But Thy pure love within my breast ;
This, only this will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

Tune, "I am coming to the cross." B. B. 36. S. M., II., 20.

128

M

COME, Thou burning Spirit, come,
Lo ! we stretch our hands to Thee ;
From the Father and the Son
Let us now Thy glory see.

Come, oh ! come, we wait for Thee,
All our souls in strong desire ;
Eager now Thy face to see,
See us waiting for the fire.

HOLINESS.

On the altar now we lay
Soul and body, mind and will ;
All the evil passions slay,
Come and every corner fill.

Now the sacrifice we make,
Though as dear as a right eye,
For our blessed Saviour's sake,
Who for us did bleed and die.

Now, by faith the gift I claim,
Bought for me by blood divine ;
Through the all-prevailing name,
All the promises are mine.

Tune, "Forever with the Lord." B. J. 81. P. W. 56.

129 FROM every stain made clean, From every sin
set free ;

F Oh, blessed Lord, this is the gift That Thou hast
promised me.
And pressing through the past Of failure, fault, and fear ;
Before Thy cross my all I cast, And dare to leave it there.

From Thee, I would not hide My sin, because of fear ;
What men may think ; I hate my pride, And as I am
appear.

Just as I am, O Lord, Not what I'm thought to be ;
Just as I am, a struggling soul For life and liberty.

Upon the altar here, I lay my treasure down ;
I only want to have Thee near, King of my heart to crown.
The fire doth surely burn My every selfish aim ; [name.
And while from them to Thee I turn, I trust in Thy great

A heart by blood made clean, In every wish and thought ;
A heart that by God's power has been Into subjection
brought.

To walk, to weep, to sing, Within the light of heaven ;
This is the blessing, Saviour, King, That Thou to me hast
given.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "Take salvation." B. B. 18. S. M., I., 528.

130 **F**ULL salvation? full salvation!
 Lo! the fountain opened wide,
 Streams through every land and nation
 From the Saviour's wounded side,
 Full salvation, streams an endless crimson tide.
 Oh, the glorious revelation,
 See the cleansing current flow,
 Washing stains of condemnation
 Whiter than the driven snow;
 Full salvation, oh, the rapturous bliss to know.
 Love's resistless current sweeping
 All the regions deep within,
 Thought, and wish, and senses keeping,
 Now and every instant clean;
 Full salvation, from the guilt and power of sin.
 Life immortal, heaven descending,
 Lo! my heart the Spirit's shrine,
 God and man in oneness blending—
 Oh, what fellowship is mine!
 Full salvation, raised in Christ to life divine.
 Care and doubting, gloomy sorrow,
 Fear and grief are mine no more;
 Faith knows nought of dark to-morrow,
 For my Saviour goes before,
 Full salvation, full and free for evermore.

Tune, "Friend of sinners." B. J. 56. S. M., I., 133.

131 **G**IVE me the faith that can remove
 And sink the mountain to a plain;
 Give me the childlike praying love
 Which longs to build Thy house again;
 Thy love let it my heart o'erpower,
 And all my simple soul devour.
 I would the precious time redeem,
 And longer live for this alone—
 To spend and to be spent for them,
 Who have not yet my Saviour known;
 And turn them to a pardoning God,
 And quench the brands in Jesus' blood.

HOLINESS.

My talents, gifts, and graces Lord,
Into Thy blessed hands receive,
And let me live to preach Thy Word,
And let me to Thy glory live ;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's Friend.

Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine ;
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine ;
And lead them to Thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

Tune, "Stella." B. J. 25.

132 **G**IVE me the faith that Jesus had,
The faith that can great mountains move,
That makes the mournful spirit glad,
The saving faith that works by love,
The faith for which the saints have striven,
The faith that pulls the fire from heaven.

Give me the faith that gets the power,
That stubborn devils dare not turn,
That lion-teeth cannot devour,
That furnace-fires can never burn
That never fears the tyrant's frown,
That wins and wears the martyr's crown.

Give me the faith that dare do right,
That keeps the weakest brave and strong,
That will for Jesus nobly fight,
That turns life's sorrows into song,
That passes through the fiery test,
That lives, and gives, and does its best.

Give me the faith that lives to trust,
That in the child-like spirit dwells,
That buries self and slaughters lust,
That keeps out all that Christ expels,
That gives no quarter to the foe,
That sternly says, "You'll have to go."

HOLINESS.

Give me the faith that clearly sees
What worldly eyes cannot behold,
That knows the way the Lord to please,
That can His secret ways unfold,
That gives up greatness for the good,
That wins the fight with fire and blood.

Tune, "Oh, 'twas love." B. J. 171. S. M., I., 369.

133 **G**OD loved the world of sinners, lost
And ruined by the fall ;
c Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me ;
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.

E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God ;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.

Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to my soul makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

Believing souls, rejoicing go ;
There shall to you be given,
A glorious foretaste here below
Of endless life in heaven.

Tune, "With panting heart." B. J. 6. S. M., I., 231.

134 **G**OD of all power, Thy Spirit pour,
To quench my thirst and make me clean ;
A Now, Father, let the gracious shower
Descend, and make me pure from sin.

Purge me from every sinful blot ;
My idols all be cast aside ;
Cleanse me from every sinful thought,
From all the filth of self and pride.

HOLINESS.

Give me a new and perfect heart,
From sin and doubt and sorrow free ;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to Thee.

Oh, that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove,
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of Thy perfect love !

Tune, "Are you washed ?" B. B. 46. S. M., II., 34.

135 **H**AVE you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb ?
Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour ?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb ?

Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb ?
Are your garments spotless, are they white as snow ?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb ?

Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side ?
Do you rest each moment in the crucified ?

When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white ?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright ?

Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin,
There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean.

Tune, "Oh, 'tis coming." M. S., I., 7.

136 **H**AVE you received the holy power ?
c 'Twill fit you for the fight ;
'Twill make of you a mighty host,
To put your foes to flight.

Oh, 'tis coming ! oh, 'tis coming !
The power of the Holy Ghost. (Repeat.)

HOLINESS.

Have you received the holy power ?
'Twill fall from heaven on you ;
From Jesus' throne, this very hour,
'Twill make you brave and true.

Oh, now receive the holy fire,
'Twill burn away all dross ;
All earthly, selfish, vain desire ;
'Twill make you love the cross.

Tune, "Rockingham." B. B. 32. S. M., I., 279.

137

A

HE wills that I should holy be ;
That holiness I long to feel ;
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

Oh, I'm glad there is cleansing in the blood,
I am glad there is cleansing in the blood ;
Tell the world there is cleansing,
All the world, there is cleansing,
There is cleansing in the Saviour's blood.

On Thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove Thine utmost will ;
The promise, by Thy mercy made,
Thou canst, Thou wilt in me fulfil.

Jesus, Thy loving Spirit alone
Can lead me forth and make me free,
Burst every bond through which I groan
And set my heart at liberty.

Now let Thy Spirit bring me in ;
And give Thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness.

Lord, I believe Thy power the same,
The same Thy grace and truth endure ;
And in Thy blessed hands I am,
And trust Thee for a perfect cure.

Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole ;
Entirely all my sins remove ;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "Precious Name.

138 **H** EAVENLY Father, pour Thy Spirit
J Right down deep within my heart ;
Let me feel Thy power within me,
Sanctifying every part.

Bless me now !
Heavenly Father, bless me now !

Now, in faith and supplication,
Pleading, longing at Thy throne ;
In the fullest consecration,
Take me all I am and own.

By Thy blood, oh ! dear Redeemer !
By Thy Spirit, Lord of all !
By Thy triune Godhead power !
Help me to obey Thy call.

Sweetly saved and fully trusting,
Saviour, Jesus, I love Thee ;
All my heart and soul adjusting,
Make me what I ought to be.

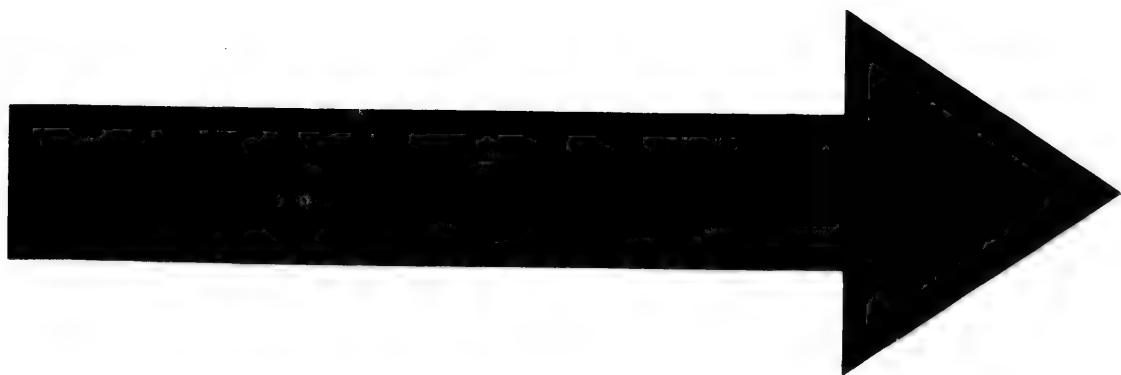
Tune, "Heaven's a beautiful city." S. M., II., 62.

139 **H** OW much can you suffer for Jesus ?
In His service how much will you lose ?
At His cross will you still kneel, adoring,
And the cross which He gives you refuse ?

I dare, Lord ! I dare, Lord !
I dare do all for Thee.

How much will you suffer for Jesus !
There are plenty His wonders to praise ;
Dare you face the legions of hatred,
And His down-trodden banner upraise ?

How much will you suffer for Jesus ?
For the hate of His cause is the same ;
Would you seek to gain by His sufferings,
Whilst shirking a share in His shame ?



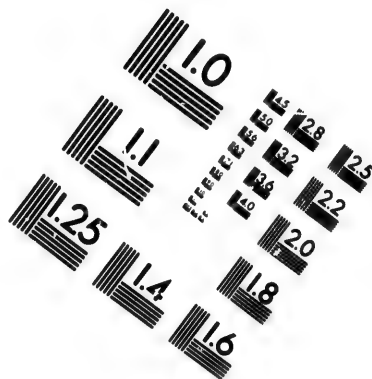
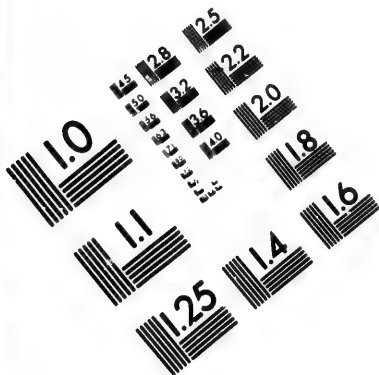
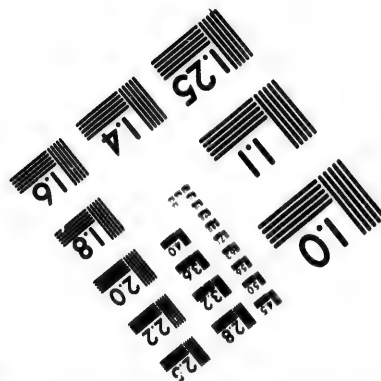
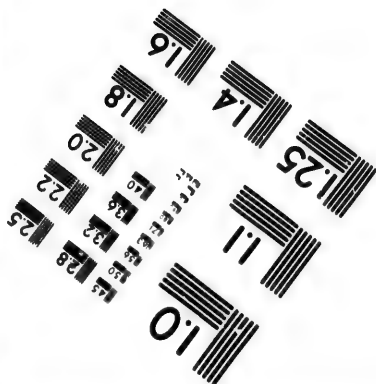
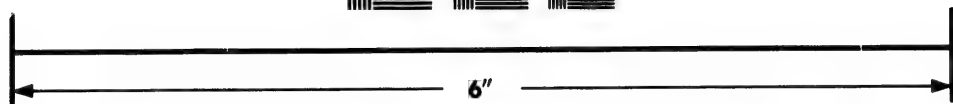
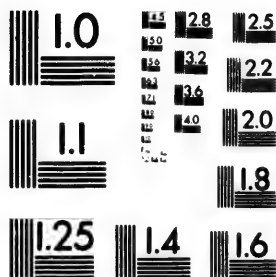


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HOLINESS.

How much will you suffer for Jesus,
In the way to the crown He will give ?
There are cruel deceivers and slanderers ;
A life on these terms will you live ?

As smitten, and yet not " forsaken ;"
" Not destroyed," though often " cast down,"
As " truthful," yet counted " deceivers,"
Our God will our characters crown !

Tune, " I am coming to the cross." S. M., I., 479.

140

M

I AM coming to the cross,
I am poor and weak and blind,
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary ;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Jesus saves me, saves me now.

Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within ;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me :
" I will cleanse you from all sin."

Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body, Thine to be,
Wholly Thine for ever more.

In the promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied ;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

Jesus comes, He fills my soul,
Perfect in love I am ;
I am every whit made whole,
Glory, glory to the Lamb !

HOLINESS.

Tune, "Draw me nearer." B. J. 14. S. M., I., 509.

141 I AM Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me ;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the Cross where Thou hast died !
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To Thy precious bleeding side.

Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace Divine ;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.

Oh, the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God.
I commune as friend with Friend.

Tune, "I left it all with Jesus." B. J. 151. P. W. 58.

142 I BRING my heart to Jesus, With its fears,
With its hopes and feelings, And its tears
Him it seeks, and finding, It is blest,
Him it loves, and loving, Is at rest.
Walking with my Saviour, Heart in heart,
None can part.

I bring my life to Jesus, With its care,
And before His footstool, Leave it there.
Faded are its treasures, Poor and dim,
It is not worth living Without Him,
More than life is Jesus, Love and peace,
Ne'er to cease.

I bring my sins to Jesus, As I pray
That His blood will wash them All away.
While I seek for favor At His feet,
And with tears His promise Still repeat ;
He doth tell me plainly, Jesus lives,
And forgives.

HOLINESS.

I bring my all to Jesus; He hath seen
How my soul desireth To be clean;
Nothing from His altar, I would keep
To His Cross of suffering I would leap,
And the fire descending Brings to me
Liberty.

Tune, "Christ is all." M. S., II., 83.

143 I BRING to Thee my heart to fill;
I feel how weak I am, but still
F To Thee for help I call;
To laugh or weep, to live or die,
For earth or heaven, this is my cry,
Thou art my all in all.

Christ is all, yes, all in all!
Oh, Christ is all in all!

Around me in the world I see
No joy that charms me out of Thee;
Its honors fade and fall;
But with Thee, though I mount the cross,
I count it gain to suffer loss,
For Thou art all in all.

I've little strength to call my own,
And what I've done, before Thy throne,
I here confess is small;
But on Thy strength, O God, I lean,
And through the blood that makes me clean,
Thou art my all in all.

Tune, "I am coming, Lord." B. J. 55. S. M., I., 276.

144 I HEAR Thy welcome voice,
Which calls me, Lord, to Thee,
E For cleansing in Thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

I am coming, Lord; coming now to Thee;
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

HOLINESS.

Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure ;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and truth,
For earth and heaven above.

And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

Tune, "Shall we meet beyond the river?" B. J. 140. S. M., I., 115.

145 I MUST have the Saviour with me,
For I dare not walk alone ;
J I must feel His presence near me,
And His arm around me thrown.

Then my soul shall fear no ill,
Let Him lead me where He will,
I will go without a murmur,
And His footsteps follow still.

I must have the Saviour with me,
For my faith at best is weak ;
He can whisper words of comfort,
That no other voice can speak.

I must have the Saviour with me,
In the onward march of life ;
Thro' the tempest and the sunshine,
Thro' the battle and the strife.

I must have the Saviour with me,
And His eye the way must guide,
Till I reach the vale of Jordan,
Till I cross the swelling tide.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "Thou hast the power to heal me."

146 **I**N days gone by, Lord, oft I've sought Thee, [me ;
And strength from Thee my seeking brought
Thy former dealings, Lord, have taught me
To trust in Thee.

Thou hast the power to heal me,
Thou hast the love to fill me ;
Take, then, the best that I yield Thee,
Make it forever Thine, only Thine.

I'll look to Thee, Lord, my Defender !
Thy grace I need in pity tender,
Of life and light, oh, be the Sender,
As here I pray.

I hold Thee to the word Thou'st given,
From it by nought will I be driven ;
My hope it is for earth and heaven,
As Thou art true.

Thou dost befriend, my cry is heeded,
Thy touch I feel, the balm I needed
Has reached my soul—the lips that pleaded
Now sing Thy praise.

Tune, "In full and glad surrender." B. J. 184. S. M., II., 31.

147 **I**N full and glad surrender,
I give myself to Thee,
Thine utterly and only,
And evermore to be.

1st Chorus.—O Lord, I come to Thee,
Now, Jesus, speak to me.

2nd Chorus.—O Lord, I do believe,
That Thy blood now cleanses me.

O, Son of God, who lovest me,
I will be Thine alone,
And all I have, and all I am,
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

HOLINESS.

Reign over me, Lord Jesus !
Oh ! make my heart Thy throne ;
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.

Oh ! come and reign, Lord Jesus !
Rule over everything !
And keep me always loyal.
And true to Thee, my King !

Tune, "I will follow Thee, my Saviour." B. J. 1. S. M., II., 67.

148 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee ;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every false ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
Yet how rich is my condition !
God and heaven are still my own.

I will follow Thee, my Saviour ;
Thou didst shed Thy blood for me ;
And though all men should forsake Thee,
By Thy grace I'll follow Thee.

Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me :
Thou art not like them, untrue ;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me !
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "Near the cross." B. J. S. S. M., I., 218.

149 JESUS, keep me near the cross,
There's a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me ;
There the Bright and Morning Star,
Shed its beams around me.

Near the cross, O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me ;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.

Tune, "Holy Spirit, seal me." B. J. 158. P. W. 2.

150 JESUS, my heart is panting to obtain
The fulness of Thy Spirit now ;
Oh, cleanse my heart from every stain,
And leave Thy mark upon my brow.

Holy Spirit, seal me just now,
At the cross, helpless, I bow ;
Only like Jesus I long to be,
Holy Spirit, seal me, I pray.

Jesus, my weakness let me bring to Thee ;
Wilt Thou forget the frailty of my heart ?
Is not this strengthlessness in me,
A chance to prove the God Thou art ?

Seal Thou my lips, and let them only speak
The language that Thy ear will not offend ;
Seal Thou my sight, and let it seek
The sights whose glories never end.

HOLINESS.

Seal Thou my thoughts, and keep them ever pure,
Redeemed from sin's polluting stain ;
Seal Thou my steps, and make them sure
To walk Thy way, come joy or pain.

Seal Thou my heart, and always let it cling
To objects only that are dear to Thee ;
Seal Thou my voice, and let it sing
Of Thy unchanging love for me.

Seal Thou my talents for Thy use alone,
And let me spend my little all to bring
The utmost credit to Thy throne,
The utmost glory to my King.

Oh, seal me, Saviour, all I have and am,
An offering freely laid before Thy feet ;
A follower of the bleeding Lamb,
In thought and word for heaven made meet.

Tune, "Jesus is mine." S. M., L., 40.

151 JESUS, my Saviour, King, I will be Thine,
Only to Thee I'll cling, I will be Thine ;
Leaving all earthly gain, With every selfish aim,
Man's pleasures I'll disdain, I will be Thine.

1st Chorus.—I will be Thine, I will be Thine,
Jesus, my Saviour, King, I will be Thine.

2nd Chorus.—Jesus is mine, Jesus is mine,
Jesus has satisfied, Jesus is mine.

In life's bright radiant morning, I will be Thine,
Human ambition scorning, I will be thine ;
All through my earthly days, To multiply Thy praise,
My voice aloud I'll raise, I will be Thine.

Others may ask their own, I will be Thine ;
I'll live for Thee alone, I will be Thine ;
Riches and earthly fame, Every mean, selfish aim,
For ever I'll disclaim : I will be Thine.

Whate'er Thou wilt I'll do, I will be Thine ;
Gladly I'll suffer too, I will be Thine ;
Only possess my heart, Bid sin and fear depart,
Oh, let us never part, I will be Thine.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "Anything for Jesus." B. B. 76. S. M., I., 521.

152 JESUS, precious Saviour, Thou hast saved my
soul,

U From sin's foul corruption made me fully whole ;
Every hour I'll serve Thee, whate'er may befall,
Till in heaven I crown Thee, King and Lord of all.

All my heart I give Thee, Day by day, come what may,
All my life I give Thee, Dying men to save.

From the lowly manger, I will follow Thee,
In the desert and the strife near Thee I will be ;
E'en the sufferings of the cross I will gladly bear,
If with Thee in heaven I a crown may wear.

In the toils and conflicts, faithful I will be,
All things I will gladly bear, they'll be good for me ;
To be a Saviour of mankind, slaves of sin to bring,
Give me holy courage, mighty, mighty King.

Precious souls are dying, nerve me for the fight,
Help me spread the glorious news—liberty and light ;
Fiercer gets the contest, Satan's power shall fall ;
Then on earth I'll crown Thee, glorious Lord of all.

Tune, "Speak, Saviour, speak." B. J. 83. P. W. 52.

153 LET me hear Thy voice now speaking,

Let me hear and I'll obey ;
As before Thy cross I'm seeking,
Oh, chase my fears away.
Oh, let the light now falling
Reveal my every need ;
Now hear me while I'm calling,
Oh, speak, and I will heed.

Speak, Saviour, speak, obey Thee I will ever ;
Now at Thy cross I seek from all that's wrong to sever.

Let me hear, and I will follow,
Though the path be strewed with thorns ;
It is joy to share Thy sorrow,
Thou makest calm the storm ;

HOLINESS.

Now my heart Thy temple making,
In Thy fulness dwell with me ;
Every evil way forsaking,
Thine only I will be.

Let the blood of Christ for ever
Flood and cleanse my heart within,
That to grieve Thee I may never
More stain my soul with sin.
Farewell to worldly pleasure,
Farewell to self and pride ;
How wondrous is my treasure,
With Jesus at my side !

Tune, " Let me love Thee." B. J. 154. P. W. 66.

154 **L**ET me love Thee, Thou art claiming
Every feeling of my soul ;
Let that love in power prevailing,
Render Thee my life, my all.
For life's burdens they are easy,
And life's sorrows lose their sting,
If they're carried, Lord, to please Thee,
If their pain Thy smile should win

Let me love Thee, Saviour, Take my heart forever ;
Nothing but Thy favor My soul can satisfy.

Let me love Thee—come revealing
All Thy love has done for me.
Help my heart, so unbelieving,
By the sight of Calvary ;
Let me see Thy love despising
All the shame my sins had brought,
By Thy torments realizing
What a price my pardon bought.

Let me love Thee ; love is mighty,
Swaying realms of deed and thought ;
By it I shall walk uprightly,
I shall serve Thee as I ought
Love will soften every sorrow,
Love will lighten every care,
Love unquestioning will follow,
Love will triumph, love will dare.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "Like the billows." B. J. 122. S. M., II., 84.

155 **L**IKE the billows of an ocean,
Boundless, ceaseless, full and free,
J Comes the Spirit of my Saviour,
Grandly rolling over me.

Now it comes o'er my soul like a wave,
The power of His wonderful might ;
It is taking my sins right away,
And turning my darkness to light.

Ah ! those barriers that had hindered
Me and Jesus being one ;
When that wave came o'er me sweeping,
He was left and they were gone.

Grandly rolling o'er the region
Where was once but pain and woe,
Are the waves of love's pure ocean,
Which in ceaseless raptures flow.

Tune, "Even me." S. M., I., 101.

156 **L**ORD, I hear showers of blessings,
Thou art scattering full and free ;
J Showers, the thirsty land refreshing ;
Let Thy power descend on me.

Even me,
Let Thy power descend on me.

Come just now, Thou mighty Spirit,
Make me feel and make me see ;
Send the burning, cleansing fire,
Now show forth Thy power in me.

I have long in ease been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee,
Long for selfish pleasure seeking,
Oh, forgive and rescue me.

HOLINESS.

Love of God—so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ—so rich and free ;
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me.

Now Thy full salvation bringing,
Draw my heart, O Lord, to Thee ;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me !

Tune, "Full surrender." B. J. 8. S. M., I., 14

157 LORD, I make a full surrender,
All I have I yield to Thee ;
For Thy love so great and tender,
Asks the gift of me.
Lord, I bring my whole affection,
Claim it, take it for Thine own ;
Safely kept by Thy protection,
Fixed on Thee alone.

Glory, glory, hallelujah, I have given my all to God,
And I now have full salvation through the precious blood.

Lord, my will I here present Thee,
Gladly now no longer mine ;
Let no evil thing prevent me
Blending it with Thine.
Lord, my life I lay before Thee,
Hear, this hour, the sacred vow,
All Thine own I now restore Thee,
Thine for ever now.

Blessed Spirit, Thou hast brought me,
Thus my all to Thee to give ;
For the blood of Christ has bought me,
And by faith I live.
Show Thyself, O God of power,
My unchanging, loving Friend ;
Keep me till in death's dark hour
Faith in sight shall end.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "Dear Jesus, I long." B. J. 56. S. M., I., 194.

158 **L**ORD Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole,
I want Thee forever to live in my soul ;
W Break down every idol, cast out every foe,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,
Apply Thine own blood and remove every stain ;
To get this blest washing I all things forego,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Lord Jesus, come down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice ;
I give up myself and whatever I know,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet ;
By faith for my cleansing I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Tune, "Cleansing for me." B. J. 45. P. W. 64.

159 **L**ORD, through the blood of the Lamb that was
Cleansing for me ; [slain,
From all the guilt of my sins now I claim,
Cleansing from Thee.
Sinful and black though the past may have been
Many the crushing defeats I have seen,
Yet on Thy promise, O Lord, now I lean
Cleansing for me.

From all the sins over which I have wept,
Far, far away, by the blood-current swept,
Jesus, Thy promise I dare to believe,
And as I come Thou dost now receive,
And over sin I may never more grieve,
Cleansing for me.

HOLINESS.

From all the doubts that have filled me with gloom,
From all the fears that would point me to doom,
Jesus, although I may not understand,
In childlike faith now I put forth my hand,
And through Thy word and Thy grace I shall stand,
Cleansed by Thee.

From all the care of what men think or say,
From ever fearing to speak, sing, or pray,
Lord, in Thy love and Thy power make me strong,
That all may know that to Thee I belong ;
When I am tempted let this be my song—
Cleansing for me.

Tune, "Hark, the voice." B. B. 57. B. J. 51. P. W. 57.

160 **L**OVE divine, from Jesus flowing,
Living waters, rich and free,
Wondrous love, without a limit,
Flowing from infinity ;
Boundless ocean,
I would cast myself on Thee.

Love surpassing understanding,
Angels would the mystery scan,
Yet so tender that it reaches
To the lowest child of man.
Let me, Jesus,
Fuller know redemption's plan.

Love that pardons past transgression,
Love that cleanses every stain,
Love that fills to overflowing,
Yet invites to drink again.
Precious fountain !
Which to open, Christ was slain.

From my soul break ev'ry fetter,
Thee to know is all my cry ;
Saviour, I am Thine for ever,
Thine, I'll live, and Thine I'll die.
Only asking,
More and more of love's supply.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "Consecration." S. M., I., 201.

161 **M**Y body, soul, and spirit, Jesus, I give to Thee ;
A consecrated offering, Thine evermore to be.

T

My all is on the altar, I'll take it back no more,
Never, never, never, I'll take it back no more.

O Jesus, mighty Saviour, I trust in Thy great name ;
I look for Thy salvation, Thy promise now I claim.

Oh, let the fire descending Just now upon my soul ;
Consume my humble offering, And cleanse and make me
whole.

I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus, Washed by Thy precious
Now seal me by Thy Spirit, A sacrifice to God. [blood ;

Tune, "I will not let Thee go." B. J. 57. M. S., I., 80.

162 **M**Y God ! I know, I feel Thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
c Till all I have is lost in Thine,
And all renewed I am.

I will not, will not, will not let Thee go,
For I am Thine and Thou art mine,
I will not let Thee go.

Jesus, Thine all-victorious love,
Shed in my heart abroad ;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

Oh, that the fire from Heaven might fall,
And all my sin consume !
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.

Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "Saviour, draw nearer." B. J. 93. P. W. 39.

163 **M**Y mind upon Thee, Lord, is stayed,
My all upon Thine altar laid—
O, heed my prayer !
And since in singleness of aim
I part with all, Thy power to gain,
Oh, God, draw near !

Saviour, dear Saviour, draw nearer,
Humble in spirit I kneel at Thy cross,
Speak out Thy wishes still clearer,
And I will obey at all cost.

By every promise Thou hast made,
And by the price Thy love has paid
For my release,
I claim the power to make me whole,
And keep through every hour my soul
In perfect peace.

And now by faith the deed is done,
And Thou again to live hast come
Within my heart ;
And rising now with Thee, my Lord,
To lose the world I can afford,
For Thou art mine.

Tune, "Nothing but the blood of Jesus." B. J. 65. S. M., II., 32.

164 **N**OTHING has this world for me,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus ;
All its charms are vanity ;
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Oh, precious is the flow,
That makes me white as snow ;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

All I want, or ask, or claim,
Through the precious blood of Jesus,
Is an interest in Thy name,
Through the precious blood of Jesus.

HOLINESS.

Now, dear Lord, to Thee I cry :
Wash me in the blood of Jesus ;
Save me, Jesus, or I die ;
Wash me in the blood of Jesus.

Cleanse me now from every sin,
By the precious blood of Jesus ,
Make me pure, and keep me clean,
By the precious blood of Jesus.

Let the crimson, cleansing flow
Of the precious blood of Jesus,
Wash my heart as white as snow,
In the precious blood of Jesus.

Hallelujah ! Christ for me,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus ;
Glory, glory ! I am free,
Through the precious blood of Jesus.

Tune, "Praise." B. B. 143. S. M., I., 132.

165 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love !
It lifts me up to things above !
It bears on eagle's wings ;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast.
With Jesus' priests and kings.

Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below ;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest ;
There dwells the Lord, our Righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

HOLINESS.

Now, O my Joshua, bring me in !
Cast out Thy foes, the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove ;
The purchase of Thy death divide,
And oh, with all the sanctified,
Give me a lot of love !

Tune, "Euphony." B. J. 138. S. M., I., 133.

166 O GOD, what offering shall I give
To Thee, the Lord of earth and skies ?
G My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice.
Small as it is, 'tis all my store ;
More should'st Thou have if I had more.
Now, then, my God, Thou hast my soul ;
No longer mine, but Thine I am ;
Guard Thou Thine own, possess it whole,
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame.
Thou hast my spirit, there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.
Thou hast my flesh, Thy hallowed shrine,
Devoted solely to Thy will ;
Here let Thy light forever shine,
This house still let Thy presence fill ;
Oh, source of life, live, dwell and move
In me, till all my life be love.
Send down Thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be ;
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity.
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be Thy praise.

Tune, "Friend of sinners" ("Banks and braes"). B. J. 56. S. M., I., 134.

167 O JESUS, Saviour, hear my cry,
And all my needs just now supply ;
G New power I want, and strength, and light,
That I may conquer in the fight.
Oh, let me have, where'er I go,
Thy strength to conquer every foe.

HOLINESS.

I need Thy love my heart to fill,
To tell to all Thy blessed will,
And to the hopeless souls make known
The strength that dwells in Thee alone ;
And then, wherever I may go,
Thy power shall conquer every foe. .

Oh, make my life one blazing fire
Of pure and noble heart desire,
The lost to find, the low to raise,
And give them cause Thy name to praise ;
Because, wherever I may go,
I show Thy power to every foe.

Let love be first, let love be last—
Its light o'er all my life be cast ;
Come now, my Saviour, from above,
And deluge all my soul with love,
So that, wherever I may go,
Thy love shall conquer every foe.

Tune, "At Thy feet I fall." B. J. 91. M. S., II., 99.

168 O LAMB of God, Thou wonderful sin-bearer,
Hard after Thee my soul doth follow on ;
As pants the hart for streams in desert dreary,
So pants my soul for Thee, O Thou life-giving One.

At Thy feet I fall, Yield Thee up my all ;
To suffer, live or die, For my Lord crucified.

I mourn, I mourn, the sin that drove Thee from me,
And blackest darkness brought into my soul ;
Now I renounce the cursed sin that hindered,
And come once more to Thee, to be made fully whole.

Descend the heavens, Thou whom my soul adoreth ;
Oh, come just now, fill my poor longing breast,
For Thee ! for Thee ! I watch, as for the morning,
Apart from Thee I find neither joy, peace, nor rest.

Come, Holy Ghost, Thy mighty aid bestowing,
Destroy the works of sin, and self, and pride ;
Burn, burn in me, my idols overthrowing ;
Prepare my heart for Him—for my Lord crucified.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "I can, I do believe in Thee." B. J. 66. S. M., II., 99.

169 O LORD, I come just now to Thee,
Bound down by fear, and doubt, and sin ;
A Thou only canst my spirit free,
And make me clean and pure within.

I can, I do believe in Thee !
For Thou hast shed Thy blood for me !
The cleansing stream now sets me free !
The blood, the blood of Calvary.

My idols now I cast aside,
All doubtful things I put away ;
My life I place at Thy command,
Thy voice in all things to obey

I give myself to Thee to save,
And cleanse out all that's wrong in me ;
That I no other aim may have
But live to serve and honor Thee.

Tune, "Oh, turn ye." B. B. 19. B. J. 86. S. M., I., 160.

170 O SOLDIER of Jesus, how blessed art Thou,
For Jesus is waiting to strengthen Thee now ;
W Fear not to rely on the word of thy God,
Step out on the promise—get under the blood.

Oh, ye that are hungry and thirsty, rejoice !
For ye shall be filled ; oh, hear that sweet voice,
Inviting you now to the banquet of God,
Step out on the promise—get under the blood.

Who sighs for a heart from iniquity free ?
Oh, poor troubled soul ! there's a promise for thee :
Thou shalt rest, weary one, in the bosom of God ;
Step out on the promise—get under the blood.

The promise don't save, though each promise is true :
'Tis the blood we get under that cleanses us through ;
It cleanses us now, oh, glory to God ;
We rest on the promise—we're under the blood.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "Take all my sins away." B. B. 53. S. M., II., 48.

- 171 O SPOTLESS Lamb ! I come to Thee,
No longer can I from Thee stay ;
R Break every chain, now set me free,
Take all my sins away !

Take all my sins away ; Take all my sins away ;
O spotless Lamb, I come to Thee—Take all my sins away !

My hungry soul cries out for Thee,
Come and forever seal my breast ;
To Thy dear arms at last I flee,
There only can I rest.

Weary I am of inbred sin,
Oh, wilt Thou not my soul release ?
Enter and speak me pure within,
Give me Thy perfect peace.

I plunge beneath Thy precious blood,
My hand in faith takes hold of Thee ;
Salvation full just now I claim—
Thy Spirit sets me free.

Tune, "Why not to-night?" B. J. 131. S. M., I., 226.

- 172 O THOU to Whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light ;
A Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee,
Oh burst these bonds and set it free !

Wash out its stain, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the Cross ;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as Thou my Lord art clean.

When rising floods my soul o'erthrow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe ;
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

HOLINESS.

Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I'll follow Thee ;
Oh, let Thy hand support me still,
As day by day I do Thy will.

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day ;
Through outward war give inward peace,
Till at Thy throne my war shall cease.

Tune, "Come, brethren, dear." B. B. 9. S. M., I., 517.

173 **O**H, come, Thou all-sufficient good,
My every want just now supply—
I mean to live for Thee ;
Now guide me with Thy watchful eye,
And every moment hear my cry,
For power to fight for Thee.

All I possess I give to Thee,
For Thou hast done so much for me—
The half cannot be told.
Oh, use me in my youth or age,
To spread the truth in every place,
I will be very bold.

The fighting now on every hand
Demands that all should take their stand—
Old Satan's in a rage ;
He calls his legions to the front,
Nor fears himself to bear the brunt,
In the war he loves to wage.

But our great King has bruised his head,
And thousands now are being led
To pull his kingdom down.
A thousand shall be chased by one,
And many gems be bravely won
To deck our Saviour's crown.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "Give me a heart." B. J. 60. S. M., I., 117.

- 174 O H, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;
c A heart that always feels the blood,
So freely spilt for me.

Give me a heart like Thine, (Repeat)
By Thy wonderful power, And Thy grace every hour,
Give me a heart like Thine.

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life, nor death can part,
From Him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love.

Tune, "The cleansing wave." S. M., I., 50.

- 175 O H ! now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide ;
c Jesus, my Lord, the strong to save,
Points to His wounded side.

The cleansing stream, I see, I see !
I plunge, and oh ! it cleanseth me,
It cleanses now, it sets me free ;
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me !

HOLINESS.

I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood ;
It speaks ! polluted nature dies .
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

Amazing grace ! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied,
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

Tune, "None of self." S. M., I., 492.

176 O H, the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered—
"All of self and none of Thee."

Yet He found me ; I beheld Him
Bleeding on th' accursed tree ;
Heard Him pray : "Forgive them, Father ;"
And my wistful heart said faintly—
"Some of self, and some of Thee."

Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and, ah ! so patient,
Brought me lower while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea ;
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered ;
Grant me now my spirit's longing,
"None of self, and all of Thee."

HOLINESS.

Tune, "What shall I do to be saved?" B. B. 55. S. M., II., 28.

177 O H, what shall I do to be clean
From the stains that remain on my soul?
From these doubts and these fears,
From my sorrow and tears,
Can the blood of my Lord make whole?

Oh, what shall I do, Oh, what shall I do,
Oh, what shall I do to be clean?

Oh, what shall I do to be clean?
I'm tired of these conflicts within;
For with conflicts and strife,
I am weary of life;
Tell me, is there salvation from sin?

Oh, what shall I do to be clean?
Is there perfect deliverance for me?
Can I know I am right,
Ever pure in His sight,
And from all condemnation free?

Tune, "Almighty to save." B. B. 31. S. M., I., 523.

178 O H, when shall my soul find her rest,
My strugglings and wrestlings be o'er,
My heart by my Saviour possessed,
Be fearing and sinning no more?

Now search me and try me, O Lord!
Now, Jesus, give ear to my cry!
See, helpless I cling to Thy Word,
My soul to my Saviour draws nigh.

My idols I cast at Thy feet,
My all I return Thee, who gave;
This moment the work is complete,
For Thou art Almighty to save.

Oh! Saviour, I dare to believe,
Thy blood for my cleansing I see,
And, asking in faith, I receive
Salvation, full, present and free.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "I bring my all to Thee." B. J. 107. M. S., IV., 1.

179 **O**FT have I heard Thy tender voice,
Calling, dear Lord, to me ;
Asking a quick and lasting choice,
'Twixt worldly joys and Thee ;
Stirring my heart's deep fountain springs,
Breaking the barriers down ;
Bidding me rise on faith's strong wings,
Crying, "No cross, no crown."

I bring my all to Thee, dear Lord,
I bring my all to Thee ;
I wish 'twere more, but all my store,
I bring just now to Thee ;
I bring my all to Thee, dear Lord,
I bring my all to Thee ;
Thou wilt, I feel, Thy promise seal,
And give Thyself to me.

And yet, alas ! a storm-tossed sea
Of care, and doubt, and fear,
Still parts me, Saviour, Lord, from Thee,
Although Thou art so near.
Oh, speak again, and bid me come,
From every sin set free,
Over the self, and sin, and storm,
Over the waves to Thee.

Jesus, I dare to trust in Thee,
Who maketh all things new,
My sins to slay, my tears to stay,
My sorrow to subdue.
And in the battle's blazing heat,
When flesh and blood would quail,
I'll fight and trust, and still repeat,
That Jesus cannot fail.

Over the waves to Thee, dear Lord,
Over the waves to Thee ;
At last, at last, I come, I come,
Over the waves to Thee !
I know Thou canst not fail, dear Lord,
I know Thou canst not fail ;
I trust my all at Thy dear call,
Jesus, Thou canst not fail.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "Saviour, my all I surrender." B. J. 158. M. S., II., 45.

180 **O**FTEN Thy voice I have heard, Lord,
Bidding me gladly to yield to Thee ;
Tho' I've resisted Thy pleading,
Yet once again Thou art speaking to me.

Saviour, my all I surrender, [divide ;
Sin no longer from Thee shall my spirit
Saviour, my all I surrender,
Let Thy blood to my heart be applied.

Weary of half-hearted service,
Low at Thy feet, Saviour, see now I bow ;
Lift from my soul, Lord, its burden,
Oh, let the cleansing tide reach me just now.

I will no longer go seeking
How I may find, Lord, an easier road
Than that one which Thou hast taken,
Joyfully doing the will of my God.

Glory to Thee, blessed Saviour,
Thou hast in mercy accepted my heart ;
Strong in Thy grace I go forward,
Glad that from sin Thou hast helped me to part.

Tune, "On the Cross of Calvary." B. J. 40. M. S., I., 4.

181 **O**N the cross of Calvary,
Jesus died for you and me ;
There He shed His precious blood
That from sin we might be free.
Oh, the cleansing stream doth flow,
And it washes white as snow ;
It was for me that Jesus died
On the cross of Calvary.

On Calvary, on Calvary,
It was for me that Jesus died,
On the cross of Calvary.

HOLINESS.

Oh, what wondrous, wondrous love,
Brought me down at Jesus' feet ;
Oh, such wondrous, dying love,
Asks a sacrifice complete.
Here I give myself to Thee,
Soul and body, Thine to be ;
It was for me Thy blood was shed
On the cross of Calvary.

Take me, Jesus, I am Thine,
Wholly Thine for evermore ;
Blessed Jesus, Thou art mine ;
Dwell within for evermore.
Cleanse, oh cleanse my heart from sin,
Make and keep me pure within ;
It was for this Thy blood was shed
On the cross of Calvary.

Tune, "Only Thee." B. J. 73. S. M., I., 189.

182 ONLY Thee, my soul's Redeemer !
Whom have I in heaven beside ?
Who on earth, with love so tender,
All my wandering steps will guide.

Only Thee, loving Saviour, only Thee.

Only Thee ! No joy I covet,
But the joy to call Thee mine—
Joy that gives me full assurance,
Thou hast owned and sealed me Thine.

Only Thee, I ask no other ;
Thou art more than all to me
Life, or health, or creature comfort,
I would give them all for Thee.

Only Thee, whose blood has cleansed me,
Would my raptured vision see ;
While my faith is reaching upward,
Ever upward, Lord, to Thee.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "What a Friend we have in Jesus." B. J. 28.

183 PRECIOUS Jesus, oh, to love Thee,
Oh, to know that Thou art mine !
J Jesus, all my heart I give Thee,
If Thou wilt but make it Thine.

Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus,
Thou art all in all to me.

Take my warmest, best affections,
Take my memory, mind and will ;
Then, with all Thy loving Spirit,
All my emptied nature fill.

Bold, I touch Thy sacred garment,
Fearless, stretch my eager hand ;
Virtue, like a healing fountain,
Freely flows at love's command.

Oh, how precious, dear Redeemer,
Is the love that fills my soul ;
It is done, the word is spoken—
"Be thou every whit made whole."

Lo ! a new creation dawning ;
Lo ! I rise to life divine ;
In my soul an Easter morning ;
I am Christ's and Christ is mine.

Tune, "Glory to the Lamb." B. J. 131. S. M., L., 501.

184 PRECIOUS Saviour, Thou dost save me ;
Thine, and only Thine, I am ;
J Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me !
Glory, glory to the Lamb !

Glory, glory, Jesus saves me !
Glory, glory, to the Lamb !
Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me !
Glory, glory, to the Lamb !

Long my yearning heart was striving
To obtain this precious rest ;
But, when all my struggles ended,
Simply trusting, I was blest.

HOLINESS.

Trusting, trusting every moment ;
Feeling now the blood applied ;
Lying in the cleansing fountain,
Dwelling in my Saviour's side.

Consecrated to Thy service,
I will live and die for Thee ;
I will witness to Thy glory,
Of salvation, full and free.

Yes, I will stand up for Jesus !
He has sweetly saved my soul ;
Cleansed my soul from sin's corruption,
Sanctified, and made me whole.

Glory to the Lord who bought me !
Glory for His saving power !
Glory to the Lord who keeps me !
Glory, glory, evermore !

Tune, " Oh, what a Redeemer." B. J. 111. P. W. 24.

185 **R**EDEEMING grace my life has claim'd,
That it from hence may be
For ever God's, by sin unstained,
In glorious liberty.
What charms of earth can e'er
The pitying love defy,
Of Him who laid His glory by
And came for me to die ?

Oh, what a Redeemer, is Jesus, my Saviour !
Forgiving my sins, and bearing all my woe ;
Oh, what a Redeemer, is Jesus, my Saviour !
Proclaiming my liberty, and washing me white as snow.

Redeeming grace ! my life is given
For such a prize as this ;
The power of love my heart has riven,
And filled with fadeless bliss.
What toys of time can hope,
Though decked with blossoms fair,
Within my heart the favor claimed,
By God-given joys to share ?

HOLINESS.

Redeeming grace ! my all is laid
 Before the cross of Him,
 Whose life and death a means were made,
 My wayward heart to win.
 Oh, let my ev'ry act,
 Breathe, Lord, a praise to Thee ;
 And let my life be lived to show
 How captives may be free.

Tune, "Clinging to the cross." S. M., I., 84.

186 **S**AD and weary with my longing,
 Filled with shame because of sin ;
 As I am, in conscious weakness,
 Here I would salvation win.

All I have I leave for Jesus,
 I am counting it but dross ;
 I am coming to the Master,
 I am clinging to the cross.

Oh ! the joy of knowing Jesus !
 It is dawning on my soul ;
 I am finding His salvation,
 And the power that makes me whole.

Oh, refine me by Thy Spirit,
 Make my earthly life sublime ;
 With my heart a home for Jesus,
 Till I've done with earth and time.

Tune, "Stella." B. J. 25.

187 **S**AVIOUR from sin, I wait to prove
 That Jesus is Thy healing name ;
 To lose, when perfected in love
 Whate'er I have, or can, or am ;
 I stay me on Thy faithful word,
 "The servant shall be as His Lord."

Answer that gracious end in me,
 For which Thy precious life was given ;
 Redeem from all iniquity ;
 Now save and make me meet for heaven.
 Unless Thou purge my every stain,
 Thy suffering and my faith are vain.

HOLINESS.

Didst Thou not die that I might live
No longer to myself, but Thee?
My body, soul, and spirit give
To Him who gave Himself for me?
Come, then, my Master, and My God,
Take the dear purchase of Thy blood.
Thy own peculiar servant claim,
For Thy own truth and mercy's sake;
Hallow in me Thy glorious name;
Me for Thine own this moment take;
And change, and thoroughly purify;
Thine only I will live and die.

Tune, "I'm believing and receiving." B. J. 68. P. W. 47.

188 **S**AVIOUR, Lord, I pant for Thee,
M For Thyself my soul aspires;
Thine entirely I would be,
All my actions, thoughts, desires.
Come, Lord Jesus, come just now,
Fill me with Thy quickening power;
For Thy cleansing, now I bow,
Save me, Lord, this very hour.
Lord, with Thy all-searching eye,
Thou canst see into the heart;
Search me, Lord, and see if I
From my idols all can part.
Oh, renew my heart within!
Wash me whiter than the snow;
Purge me thoroughly from my sin,
Cause on me Thy blood to flow.

Tune, "Cleansing for me." B. J. 45. P. W. 64.

189 **S**AY, when you're hid in the midst of the throng,
Never mind me!
Say, if unseen when you're marching along,
Never mind me!
If at the front there is no place to find,
Be brave enough to follow behind,
Give way to others, 'tis best to be kind,
Never mind me

HOLINESS.

Love one another, 'tis Jesus command,
Care for your brother, and work hand in hand ;
The Spirit of Jesus constantly show,
Like Him, to the bottom be willing to go,
No matter where put, the Master will know,
Never mind me !

Is any asking where you ought to be ?
Keep saved from self and despise jealousy ;
Some must be greater, and some will be less ;
What does it matter if God does but bless ?
Love will rejoice at another's success,
Never mind me !

Be a true soldier, be firm at your post,
If duty's loved, devotion will boast ;
'Tis being like Jesus when patience is tried,
Denying vain self will master life's pride—
For others Christ lived, and for others He died.
Never mind me !

Tune, "Oh, touch the hem of His garment.."

190 SHE only touched the hem of His garment,
As to His side she stole,
Amid the crowd that gathered around Him,
And straightway she was whole.

Oh, touch the hem of His garment,
And thou, too, shalt be free ;
His saving power, this very hour
Shall give new life to thee.

She came in fear and trembling before Him,
She knew her Lord had come,
She felt that from Him virtue had healed her ;
The mighty deed was done.

He turned with "Daughter, be of good comfort,
Thy faith hath made thee whole,"
And peace that passeth all understanding,
With gladness filled her soul.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "I'm believing and receiving." B. J. 63. P. W. 47.

191 **S**INS of years are washed away,
Blackest stains become as snow ;
M Darkest night is changed to day,
When you to the river go.

I'm believing and receiving, While I to the river go ;
And my heart its waves are cleansing Whiter than the
driven snow.

Doubts and fears are borne along
On the current's ceaseless flow ;
Sorrow changes into song,
When you to the river go.

Ease and wealth become as dross,
Worthless earth's delight and show ;
All your boast is in the cross
When you to the river go.

Selfishness is lost in love—
Love for Him whose love you know ;
All your treasure is above,
When you to the river go.

Fighting is a great delight—
Never will you fear the foe ;
Armed by King Jehovah's might,
When you to the river go.

Tune, "Friend of sinners." B. J. 56. S. M., I., 134.

192 **S**URROUNDED by a host of foes,
Stormed by a host of foes within ;
G Nor swift to flee, nor strong to oppose,
Single against hell, earth and sin ;
Single, yet undismayed I am,
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

What though a thousand hosts engage,
A thousand worlds my soul to shake ;
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back.
Portrayed it bears a bleeding Lamb ;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

HOLINESS.

Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
Me from this evil world to free ;
To purge my sins and loose my bands,
And save from all iniquity,
My Lord and God from heaven He came
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

Salvation in His name there is—
Salvation from sin, death and hell,
Salvation into glorious bliss,
How great salvation, who can tell ?
But all He hath for mine I claim,
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

Tune, "Whiter than the snow." B. J. 12.

193

TELL me what to do to be pure
In the sight of All-seeing eyes !
Tell me, is there no thorough cure,
No escape from sins I despise ?
Tell me, can I never be free
From terrible bondage within ;
Is there no deliverance for me,
Must I always struggle with sin ?

Oh, whiter than the snow,
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

Will my Saviour only pass by,
Only show me how faulty I've been ?
Will He not attend to my cry,
Can I not this moment be clean ?
Blessed Lord, Almighty to heal,
I know that Thy power cannot fail
Here and now I know—Yes I feel,
The prayer of my heart does prevail.

Tune, "The conflict is over." B. B. 47. S. M., I., 387.

194

THE conflict is over, the tempest is past,
I'm resting in Jesus, I'm resting at last ;
w The billows that filled my poor soul with alarm,
Are hushed at His word into stillness and calm.

HOLINESS.

I'm trusting, I'm trusting, at the cross of Christ I bow,
I'm trusting in Jesus, I'm trusting just now.

There's peace in believing, sweet peace to the soul,
To know that He maketh me perfectly whole,
There's joy everlasting to feel His blood flow,
'Tis life from the dead my Rédeemer to know.

Oh hinder me not while His love I proclaim,
My soul makes her boast of His wonderful name ;
I stand with my foot on the neck of my foe,
Then bounding with gladness triumphant I go.

Tune, "While the Spirit passes by." P. W. 20.

195

THERE are wants my heart is telling,
While the Spirit passes by.
And with hope my soul is swelling,
While the Spirit passes by.
Oh, what prospects now I see,
What a life my life may be,
If Thy seal is placed on me,
While the Spirit passes by.

While the Spirit passes by. (Repeat.)
Let my heart be sealed for Thee,
While the Spirit passes by.

There are sins my lips confessing,
While the Spirit passes by ;
Treasures long my heart possessing,
While the Spirit passes by ;
All the world's delight and cheer,
All the things I held so dear ;
Ah ! how worthless they appear,
While the Spirit passes by.

Here I stand, myself disdaining,
While the Spirit passes by ;
Stand in faith Thy mercy claiming,
While the Spirit passes by ;
Let Thy power my soul refine,
Let Thy grace my will incline,
Take my all and make it Thine,
While the Spirit passes by.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "Showers of blessing."

196 "THERE shall be showers of blessing,"
This is the promise of love ;
There shall be seasons refreshing
Sent from the Saviour above.

Showers of blessing,
Showers of blessing we need ;
Mercy drops round us are falling,
But for the showers we plead.

"There shall be showers of blessing,"
Precious, reviving again ;
Over the hills and the valleys,
Sound of abundance of rain.

"There shall be showers of blessing,"
Send them upon us, O Lord ;
Grant to us now a refreshing,
Come, and now honor Thy Word.

"There shall be showers of blessing,"
Oh, that to-day they might fall,
Now as to God we're confessing,
Now as on Jesus we call.

Tune, "Anything for Jesus." B. B. 76. S. M., I.; 212.

197 THINE for ever, Jesus, every hour I live ;
All my body, spirit, soul, now to Thee I give.
u Every beating pulse of mine, every fleeting breath,
All for Thee, my Jesus, Thine I'll be till death.

All for Thee, Lord Jesus, every breath, life or death ;
All for Thee, Lord Jesus, all I speak or do.

All my holy laughter, let it be for Thee,
For the souls of those in sin, let my weeping be ;
Every thought and every wish, to subjection bring,
For Thy holy purpose, Jesus, precious King.

Let me be Thy mouthpiece, warning men of hell ;
Let me all Thy wondrous love to poor sinners tell ;
All the talents I have got, though they be but small,
For Thy blessed service, help me use them all.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "Thou Shepherd of Israel." B. J. 170. S. M., I., 104.

198

THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where Thou art.
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey
Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.

Ah ! show me that happiest place,
The place of Thy people's abode ;
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God.
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree ;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with Thee.

'Tis there with the lambs of Thy flock,
There only I covet to rest ;
To lie at the foot of the Rock,
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast.
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart ;
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,
Eternally held in Thy heart.

Tune, "'Tis the very same power." S. M., I., 126, 127.

199

'TIS the very same power,
That they had at Penticost.

'Tis the power, the power,
'Tis the power that Jesus promised should come down.

While with one accord assembled,
All in an upper room,
Came the power, etc.

The prophets had this power,
And we may have it too.
'Tis the power, etc.

HOLINESS.

The apostles had this power,
And we may have it too.
'Tis the power, etc.

The martyrs had this power,
And we may have it too.
'Tis the power, etc.

'Tis the very same power,
And I feel it in my soul.
'Tis the power, etc.

Tune, "To me, dear Saviour." B. J. 134. P. W., 50.

200 **T**O me, dear Saviour, yes, to me
Speak out Thy utmost will.
c What Thy great love doth bid me do,
I surely can fulfil.

There is not in my heart left one treasure, dear Lord,
That I would not yield gladly to Thee ;
Only let, in Thy mercy, Thy pleadings be heard,
They shall gladly be answered by me.

To me, dear Saviour, yes, to me,
Thy gracious pardon show ;
That not one sin I've ever sinned
May unforgiven go.

To me, dear Saviour, yes, to me,
The floodgates open wide,
That even I may stoop, and wash
Within the crimson tide.

To me, dear Saviour, yes, to me,
To me, the least of all,
With all my consciousness of guilt,
Thou hast for me a call.

To me, dear Saviour, yes, to me
Thy saving pow'r be given ;
Then shall I know why I have lived,
And what on earth is heaven.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "Whither Pilgrims." B. J. 69. S. M., I., 211.

201 **T**O Thy cross, O Christ, my Saviour,
 With my wants and needs I come,
 Seeking prayerfully Thy favor,
 Asking that Thy will be done ;
 On Thy love for me relying,
 With Thee on the cross I'm dying,
 Every earthly claim denying,
 Thine, and Thine alone I'll be.

At Thy cross the light revealing,
 Shows me what I ought to be ;
 Near Thy cross my every feeling
 Tells me how I pant for Thee.
 As for Thee my soul has striven,
 Every promise Thou hast given
 Shall be mine for earth and heaven,
 Mine, and mine for evermore.

On the cross, what tears of sorrow
 Tell the story to my heart,
 Of Thy love, and bid me follow,
 Showing others what Thou art.
 Lord, for Thee, all shame despising,
 In the arms of faith I'm rising,
 And Thy power my soul baptising,
 Seals it Thine for life or death.

Tune, "No, sir."

202 **W**AITING long to give me freedom,
 From my doubts and fears within,
 Jesus in His mercy asked me,
 "Shall I free you from all sin?"

"Yes, Lord ! yes, Lord ! yes, Lord !"
 I His voice did answer ;
 "Yes, Lord ! yes, Lord ! yes, Lord ! yes."

"Will you that My blood should cleanse you,
 From the deepest stains of sin,
 And that I a peace should give you,
 Flowing undisturbed within?"

HOLINESS.

“Will you I should snap those fetters,
Binding you to doubt and fear?
Make your soul a perfect Eden?
Come your heart and life to cheer?”

“Will you still be blindly clinging,
To the idols that you know?
Bring you sorrow, tears, and trouble,
And your happiness o’erthrow?”

“No, Lord! no, Lord! no, Lord!”
I do gladly answer;

“No, Lord! no, Lord! no, Lord! no.”

By Thy gifts so great and precious,
By the blood Thou shed’st for me,
By the sacrifice of Jesus,
Now I claim this blessing—free!

Yes, Lord! yes, Lord! yes, Lord!
Now I claim the blessing;
Yes, Lord! yes, Lord! yes, Lord! yes.

Tune, “Take salvation.” B. B. 18. S. M., I., 528.

203 **W**ELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;

K Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be Thine;
Thine entirely, through eternal ages Thine.

Known to all to be Thy mansion,
Earth and hell shall disappear,
Or in vain attempt possession
When they find the Lord is there;
Shout, my comrades! shout, ye saints! the Lord is here!

Tune, “It was on the cross.” B. J. 17.

204 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
A My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

HOLINESS.

Forbid it Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Where the whole realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Shall have my soul, my life, my all !

Tune, "Keep on believing." B. J. 130. M. S., IV., 111.

205 WHEN you feel weakest, dangers surround,
Subtle temptations, troubles abound,
Nothing seems hopeful, nothing seems glad,
All is despairing ; oftentimes sad.

Keep on believing, Jesus is near,
Keep on believing, there's nothing to fear ;
Keep on believing, this is the way :
Faith in the night as well as the day.

If all were easy, if all were bright,
Where would the cross be ? where would the fight ?
But in the hardness God gives to you
Chances of proving that you are true.

God is your wisdom, God is your might ;
God's ever near you, guiding the right ;
He understands you, knows all you need ;
Trusting in Him you'll surely succeed.

Let us press on, then ; never despair !
Live above feeling, victory's there ;
Jesus can keep us so near to Him,
That nevermore our faith shall grow dim.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "Jesus is strong to deliver." B. J. 41. S. M. II., 96.
P. W. 92.

206 **W**HY are you doubting and fearing?
Why are you still under sin?
Have you not found His grace doth abound?
He's mighty to save; let Him in!

Jesus is strong to deliver,
Mighty to save, mighty to save!
Jesus is strong to deliver,
Jesus is mighty to save.

You say, "I am weak, I am helpless;
I've tried again and again!
Well, this may be true, but 'tis not what you do—
'Tis He who's the Mighty to save!

When in my sorrow He found me,
Found me, and bade me be whole;
Turned all my night into heavenly light,
And from me my burden did roll.

When in the tempest He hides me,
When in the storm He is near,
All the way long He carries me on,
Now I have nothing to fear.

Tune, "Take salvation." B. B. 18. S. M., I., 528.

207 **W**ILT Thou, Lord, through each temptation,
By that Blood-bought grace of Thine,

κ Spotless keep me, never falling,
Constant victory ever mine?
To be holy, Can I claim Thy strength divine?

Yes, I'll dare to trust Thy promise,
On Thy mighty arm I'll lean;
Victory every step shall follow,
With my soul each moment clean;
Perfect triumph, Through the lowly Nazarene.

Thou dost come, Thou mighty Spirit,
For my heart, with love aglow;
Promised strength by faith receiving,
Burns with holy fire just now;
Blessed Saviour, Now Thy risen power I know.

HOLINESS.

Tune, "Just like Him." M. S., V., 17.

208 **W**ITH my faint, weary soul, To be made fully
whole,
Y And Thy perfect salvation to see ;
With my heart all aglow, To be washed white as snow,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

I'm coming, I'm coming, dear Saviour, to Thee,
With my heart all aglow,
To be washed white as snow,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

Oh, how long have I tried To resist nature's tide !
All in vain have I sought to be free ;
In myself all undone, 'Neath the waves sinking down,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

I Thy promise believe, That in Thee I shall live,
Through Thy blood shed so freely for me,
To obtain a pure heart, and secure the good part,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

All to Thee now I give, Thine to die, Thine to live,
Crucified to the world e'er to be ;
Dead indeed unto sin, With a new life within,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to Thee.

Tune, "With panting heart." B. J. G. S. M., I., 231.

209 **W**ITH panting heart that dares to seek
The fulness of Thy love divine,
A I lay me at Thy bleeding feet,
And claim Thy promises as mine.

I believe, I believe,
The priceless gift I now receive ;
Thy blood does cleanse and make me whole ;
Thy perfect love fills all my soul ;
I believe, I believe,
The priceless gift I now receive.

HOLINESS.

My groans and tears no change have wrought,
They fail my nature to refine ;
The power and love Thy groans have bought,
By simple faith henceforth are mine.

Oh, let my heart forever be
The home in which Thou lov'st to dwell ;
Renewed, and filled with love to Thee ;
Endued with power that love to tell.

Tune, "All for Thee;" B. J. 133; P. W. 12; or "Take all my
sins away" (4 lines to a verse); B. B. 53; S. M., II., 48.

210 WITHIN my heart, O Lord, fulfil
The purpose of Thy death and pain,
That all may know Thou livest still,
In blood-washed hearts to reign.
O Lord, I gaze upon Thy face,
Thy suffering face, so marred for me,
Touch'd by the wonders of Thy grace,
My heart goes out to Thee.

Take my sins and purge their stain,
Take my heart and o'er it reign ;
Lord, I only want to live and die for Thee ;
Take my heart and wash it white,
Take my life and keep it right,
Take my all, and in Thy might I will faithful be.

O Saviour, by Thy bleeding form,
The world is crucified to me ;
Thy suffering, by Thy heart so torn
I'm called to share with Thee.
'Twas on the cross Thou didst redeem
My soul from sin and dark despair ;
'Tis by the Cross I would be seen
To welcome sinners there.

Tune, "Tossing like a troubled ocean." B. B. 41. S. M., I., 514.

211 WRESTLING now, my Lord, with Thee,
Falling at Thy bleeding feet,
M Claiming all Thou hast for me ;
1 Thy promise still repeat.

HOLINESS.

Plunge me in the cleansing fountain,
Raise me now to life divine.

Struggling oft with inbred sin,
Laying oft beneath its power,
Causing constant strife within ;
Master, cleanse me at this hour.

Longing that great rest to feel,
Flowing from Thyself within ;
Quick'ning Spirit, come and heal,
Save from fear, and shame, and sin.

Kneeling, waiting at Thy feet,
Willing now with all to part,
Feeling all things else but dross,
Thou dost cleanse and fill my heart.

Tune, "Shall we gather at the river." B. J. 21.

212 **Y**ES, there flows a wondrous river,
That can make the foulest clean ;
To the soul it is the giver
Of the freedom from all sin.

Round us flows the cleansing river,
The holy, mighty, wonder-working river,
That can make a saint of a sinner,
It flows from the throne of God.

All who seek this cleansing river
Have their deepest needs supplied ;
From all stains its waves deliver,
To the soul when they're applied.

Have you proved this precious river,
Perfect cleansing gaining there,
Losing burdens that need never
Rise again to bring you care ?

On the margin of the river,
In your stains why still delay ?
Why not now be free forever,
And the voice of God obey.

PRAYER MEETING.

Suitable for all meetings where the aim is to lead convicted sinners on to salvation.

Tune, "God is near Thee." B. J. 69. M. S., I., 82.

213 **A** FAR from heaven thy feet have wandered,
Afar from God thy soul has strayed ;
His gifts in sin thy hand has squandered,
Yet still in love, He calls thee home.

God is near thee, tell thy story,
He will hear thy tale of sorrow ;
God is near thee, and in mercy,
He will welcome thy return.

Thy feet have found sin's way is thorny,
Thy heart has found its pleasures vain ;
Thou hast grown weary, and about thee
The gloom has spread of dark despair.

The broken heart the Lord will favor,
The contrite spirit He will bless ;
He came to be the lost one's Saviour,
He came to be the sinner's Friend.

Tell out thy need, and He'll befriend thee,
Pour out thy heart's deep grief to Him ;
His boundless love, unmeasured mercy,
His free forgiveness are for thee.

Tune, "Remember me." B. J. 16. S. M., I., 418.

214 **A** LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
And did my Saviour die ?
c Did He lay down that sacred life
For such a worm as I ?

Remember me, remember me,
O Lord, remember me ;
Remember, Lord, Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

PRAYER MEETING.

Was it for sins that I have done,
He suffered on the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.

Dear Saviour, I can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Tune, "Almost persuaded." B. J. 51. S. M., I., 212.

215 "A LMOST persuaded"—now to believe;
"Almost persuaded"—Christ to receive.
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call."

"Almost persuaded"—come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded"—turn not away.
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear,
O, wanderer come!

"Almost persuaded"—harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded"—doom comes at last.
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost"—but lost!

Tune, "At the cross when a soul." B. J. 111. F. S. 8.

216 A T the cross when a soul is pleading,
Heard in heaven is each heart-breathed sigh;
To the soul that sin's way is leaving,
God in pard'ning love is ever nigh.

Sinner, come, by sin undone,
And with the burden of thy sin,
Kneel at the cross and pray.

PRAYER MEETING.

At the cross by all those heart-broken,
Healing balm from the Lord is gained ;
There is peace for all those storm-beaten,
Freedom for each soul that sin has chained.

At the cross, every soul defeated—
That gave way when temptation came—
By the Lord will be yet accepted ;
His forgiving love we all may claim.

At the cross God descends in mercy,
There to meet each repentant heart ;
Sins forgiving, and loving freely,
Shedding light in souls by sin made dark.

Tune, "Behold me standing."

217 **B**EHOLD Me standing at the door,
And hear Me pleading evermore—
^A With gentle voice ; O, heart of sin,
May I come in ? may I come in ?

Behold Me standing at the door,
And hear Me pleading evermore—
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in ? may I come in ?

I bore the cruel thorns for thee ;
I waited long and patiently ;
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in ? may I come in ?

I would not plead with thee in vain ;
Remember all my grief and pain ;
I died to ransom thee from sin ;
May I come in ? may I come in ?

I bring thee joy from heaven above,
I bring thee pardon, peace, and love ;
Say, weary heart, oppressed by sin,
May I come in ? may I come in ?

PRAYER MEETING.

Tune, "Depth of mercy." B. B. 22. S. M., I., 47.

218 **D**EPTH of mercy, can there be
M Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God His wrath forbear,
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face ;
Would not harken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

Jesus speaks, and pleads His blood,
He disarms the wrath of God ;
Now my Father's bowels move,
Justice lingers into love.

Kindled His relentings are,
Me, He now delights to spare ;
Cries, "How shall I give you up?"
Let the lifted thunder drop.

There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands ;
God is love, I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Tune, "The Saviour's name;" S. M., I., 190; or "St. Peters;"
B. J. 128.

219 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
C In every seeker's ear ;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

Steal away, steal away,
Steal away to Jesus,
Hear Him call, yield Him thy all,
He waits just now to save thee.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

PRAYER MEETING.

Tune, "Oh, take me as I am."

220 **J**ESUS, my Lord, to Thee I cry,
Unless Thou help me, I must die ;
R Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am.

Oh, take me as I am, (Repeat)
My only plea, Christ died for me,
Oh, take me as I am.

Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
Oh, take me as I am.

No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break,
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake,
And take me as I am.

Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet ;
Deal with me as Thou seest meet ;
Thy work begin, Thy work complete,
And take me as I am.

Tune, "Nothing but Thy blood." B. J. 83. M. S., II., 35.

221 **J**ESUS, see me at Thy feet,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me ;
Thou alone my needs canst meet ;
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

No, no ! nothing do I bring,
But by faith I'm clinging
To Thy cross, O Lamb of God !
Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

See my heart, Lord, torn with grief,
Me unpardoned do not leave.

Dark indeed the past has been,
Yet in mercy take me in.

As I am, oh, hear me pray,
I can come no other way.

PRAYER MEETING.

Tune, "Just as I am;" B. J. 128; S. M., I, 73; or "O Lamb of God, I come;" B. J. 151; S. M., I, 185.

222 **J**UST as I am—without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—and waiting not,
 To clear my soul of one dark spot—
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each blot,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—though tossed about,
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thy love, I own,
 Has broken every barrier down,
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Tune, "You never can tell." B. J. 13. M. S., VI., 101.

232 **L**ISTEN to the invitation :
 "Come, ye weary, come to Me,"
 Come, and you shall find salvation,
 Will you not to Jesus flee?

You never can tell when the death bell's tolling,
 You never can tell when your end may be,
 Cast in your lot with the Salvation Army,
 Come and get saved and happy be.

PRAYER MEETING.

Jesus loves you, do not tarry,
Hasten to His side to-day,
And by faith on Him relying,
All your guilt will roll away.

Oh, 'tis madness to reject Him,
For when you are called to die
You will want a loving Saviour,
And for time and mercy cry.

Tune, "While He's waiting." B. J. 58. P. W. 15.

224 LOVE of love so wondrous, Rich and free !
Now the King of glory A pardon offers thee.

While He's waiting, pleading, knocking,
Let Him in ?

For thy heart He's waited, Days and years ;
And thy sins, long hated, Have caused Him bitter tears.

Canst thou leave His pardon, Still unknown !
And forget the mercy That towards thee He h^own.

Soon the day is coming, When alone—
Trembling or rejoicing, Thou must His Kingship own.

Ah ! His love so tender, Asks thee, come ;
And thy life, so slender, Bids thee for safety run.

Tune, "Rockingham." B. B. 32. S. M., I., 279.

225 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
A Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy book.

I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight ;
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

PRAYER MEETING.

Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford ;
And let a wretch come near Thy throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.

My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just ;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

Then will I teach the world Thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

Tune, "Oh, how I love Jesus" (chorus only). S. M., I., 800.

226 O H, wonderful pardon,
That Jesus gives to me.

Oh, wonderful cleansing, etc.

Oh, wonderful healing, etc.

Oh, wonderful power, etc.

Tune, "Rosseau." B. J. 189. S. M., I., 54.

227 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
N Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone :
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death ;
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne :
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

PRAYER MEETING.

Tune, "Penitent's plea." B. J. 115. P. W. 14.

228 SAVIOUR, hear me, while before Thy feet,
I the record of my sins repeat ;
Stained with guilt, myself abhorring,
Filled with grief, my soul outpouring.
Canst Thou still in mercy think of me,
Stoop to set my shackled spirit free,
Raise my sinking heart, and bid me be
Thy child once more ?

Grace there is my every debt to pay,
Blood to wash my every sin away ;
Power to keep me spotless day by day,
For me, for me.

All the memories of deeds gone by
Rise within me, and Thy pow'r defy ;
With a deathly chill ensnaring,
They would leave my soul despairing.
Saviour, take my hand, I cannot tell
How to stem the tides that round me swell,
How to ease my conscience, or to quell
My flaming heart.

Back with all the guilt my spirit bears,
Past the haunting memories of years,
Self and shame, and fear despising,
Foes and taunting fiends surprising ;
Saviour, to Thy cross I press my way,
And a broken heart before it lay ;
Ere I leave, oh, let me hear Thee say :
It shall be Thine !

Yet why should I fear, hast Thou not died
That no seeking soul should be denied ?
To that heart its sins confessing,
Canst Thou fail to give a blessing ?
By the love and pity Thou hast shewn,
By the Blood that did for me atone,
Boldly will I kneel before Thy throne,
A pleading soul.

PRAYER MEETING.

All the rivers of Thy grace I claim,
Over ev'ry promise write my name ;
As I am I come believing,
As Thou art Thou dost, receiving,
Bid me rise a free and pardon'd slave ;
Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave,
Charging me to preach Thy power to save
To sin-bound souls.

Tune, "Say, poor sinner." B. B. 23. B. J. 77. S. M., I., 520.

229 **S**AY, poor sinner, wouldn't you like to go,
And die in the arms of Jesus ?

1st Chorus.—Yes, altogether we should like to go,
And die in the arms of Jesus.

2nd Chorus.—Fighting in the field of battle,
Shouting in the field of battle ;
Living in the light,
Trusting in the blood,
Dying in the arms of Jesus.

Say, poor drunkard, wouldn't you like to go ?
Say, backslider, wouldn't you like to go ?
For to see your mother, wouldn't you like to go ?
For to see your loved ones, wouldn't you like to go ?

Tune, "Say, are you ready."

230 **S**HOULD the death-angel knock at your chamber
In the still watch of to-night,
Say will your spirit pass into torment,
Or to the land of delight ?

Say, are you ready, oh, are you ready,
If the death-angel should call ?
Say, are you ready, oh, are you ready,
Mercy stands waiting for all.

PRAYER MEETING.

Many sad spirits now are departing,
Into the world of despair ;
Every brief moment brings your doom nearer
Sinner, O sinner, beware.

Many redeemed ones now are ascending
Into the mansions of light ;
Jesus is pleading, patiently pleading,
Oh, let Him save you to-night.

Tune, "Angels are troubling the waters." B. B. 51. S. M., 11., 7.

231 SIN can find no hiding-place,
In the light of God ;
But the sinner can find grace,
In the light of God.

Angels are troubling the waters,
Walking in the light ;
Sinners are coming to the fountain,
And God is putting them right.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
All my sins on Thee I roll.

Tune, "Why wilt thou die?" B. J. 171. S. M., 11., 50.

232 SINNER, for thee, A pardon so free,
Though dark thy career may have been,
That burden shall roll From thy guilty soul,
When the light of His face thou hast seen.

Oh, why wilt thou die ?
Why wilt thou die ?
Sinner, sinner, why ?

Tired of thy sin, And sorrow within,
Thy soul longs to find its true joy—
The joy that thy King In mercy doth bring
Thy sorrow and sin to destroy.

PRAYER MEETING.

Death is at hand Thy life to demand,
Make haste, now, the Saviour to find ;
No longer delay, You're passing away,
And Satan your soul waits to bind.

Awful despair Thy bosom will tear
When heaven for thee has no room—
For ever shut out, In darkness and doubt,
Then hell everlasting thy doom.

Tune, "While the light from heaven is falling." M. S., V., 49.

233 SINS of years are all numbered,
w Blackest stains brought to light,
Broken pledges uncovered,
None escape from His sight.
Unwashed hearts are rejected,
Guilty souls rise alone ;
When you stand in the light
Of His great judgment throne.

While the light from heaven is falling,
Sins confessing, wants revealing ;
While redeeming grace is flowing,
Thou canst wash my sins away.

All the past with its chances,
All the "What might have been ;"
Every conquest and vict'ry
He had meant you should win—
How you'll wish you'd gone forward
Loving Jesus alone,
When you stand in the light
Of the great judgment throne.

Hidden stripes all unnoticed,
Battles fought on your knees,
Daily burdens and duties
When you're sure no one sees,
All are treasured in heaven ;
You shall hear His "Well done,"
When you stand in the light
Of His great judgment throne.

PRAYER MEETING.

Tune, "So near to the kingdom."

234 **S**O near to the kingdom ! yet what dost thou lack ?
w So near to the kingdom ! what keepeth thee
back ?

Renounce every idol, though dear it may be,
And come to the Saviour now pleading with thee.

Pleading with thee, sinner, pleading with thee,
The Saviour is pleading, is pleading with thee.

So near that thou hearest the songs that resound
From those who, believing, a pardon have found !
So near, yet unwilling to give up thy sin,
When Jesus is waiting to welcome thee in.

To die without hope ! hast thou counted the cost ?
To die out of Christ, and thy soul to be lost ?
So near to the kingdom ! oh, come, we implore,
While Jesus is pleading, come, enter the door.

Tune, "Open and let the Master in." B. B. 11. B. J. 52. S. M.,
L., 524.

235 **T**HE Saviour died, poor soul, for you,
To save you from your sin ;
c He'll pardon you, your heart renew,
If you'll only let Him in.

Then open, open, open and let the Master in, Let Him in !
For your heart shall be bright With the hallelujah light,
If you'll only let the Master in !

The world has never given you rest,
It cannot satisfy ;
This hour you shall be freed and blest,
If you to God will cry.

Your conscience stained with years of guilt,
He'll purge from every stain ;
His grace He'll give, that you may live,
A life that's free from blame.

The Holy Ghost shall come within,
And make your pathway bright ;
Then you shall know a heaven below,
While walking in the light.

PRAYER MEETING.

Tune, "Too late." B. J. 158. S. M., II., 26. P. W. 63.

236 TOO late ! too late !
Thy day of grace is ended :
Thy God of love offended ;
And from thy soul is rended
The lingering ray of hope.

Too late ! mercy gone ; Too late ! judgment come,
Shut without the golden gate, Just too late !

Too late ! too late !
Thy Saviour's love rejected,
Eternity neglected,
While death, when least expected,
Hurries thee away.

Too late ! too late !
Before the throne thou standest,
While justice God commandeth,
And hell thy soul demandeth
For all eternity.

Too late ! too late !
In awful darkness sinking,
The cup of anguish drinking,
While still in sorrow thinking
Of all thy wasted years.

Tune, "To save a poor sinner."

237 WHEN Jesus was born in a manger,
The shepherds came hither to see,
For the angels proclaim'd that a Saviour was born,
To save a poor sinner like me.

To save a poor sinner, to save a poor sinner.
To save a poor sinner like me ;
For the angels proclaim'd that a Saviour was born,
To save a poor sinner like me.

King Herod then sought to destroy Him ;
The angel told Joseph to flee ;
So he fled with the Babe and Its mother by night,
To save a poor sinner like me.

PRAYER MEETING.

He grew and waxed strong in spirit,
Acquainted with sorrow was He ;
In the garden He pray'd, and sweat great drops of blood,
To save a poor sinner like me.

He was brought to Pilate for judgment,
He was sentenced to hang on the tree ;
On the cross then He cried, " It is finished !"
To save a poor sinner like me.

Tune, "Nay, but I yield." B. J. 30. S. M., I., 316.

238 WHEN shall Thy love constrain,
And force me to Thy breast ?
E When shall my soul return again,
To her eternal rest ?

Nay, but I yield, I yield ;
I can hold out no more ;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee Conqueror.

Ah ! what avails my strife,
My wanderings to and fro ?
Thou hast the words of endless life,
Ah ! whither should I go ?

To rescue me from woe,
Thou didst with all things part ;
Didst lead a suffering life below,
To gain my worthless heart.

And can I yet delay
My little all to give ?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive ?

Tune, "When the chariot's lowering." B. J. 52. M. S., I., 106.

239 WHEN the chariot is lowering,
And the angels are hovering,
Will He take me in ?
When the lightning is flashing,
And the thunder is crashing,
May I, may I have no sin ?

PRAYER MEETING.

When the chariot's lowering, If I have no sin,
As the angels are hovering, He will take me in.
Jesus, Jesus, can wash away thy sin,
Jesus, Saviour, I know He'll take thee in.

On the resurrection morning,
As the bright day is dawning,
Saints will wait for me.
Then we'll stand by the river,
Near the throne, no more to sever,
Ever for ever His face to see.

When the wicked are flying,
And backsliders are crying,
He will call my name.
If I keep up my fighting
And in Jesus delighting,
By-and-bye with Him I'll reign.

Tune, "Who'll be the next?" B. B. 61. S. M., I., 507.

240 **W**HO'LL be next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next His cross to bear?
Someone is ready, someone is waiting;
Who'll be the next a crown to wear?

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus now?

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Follow His weary, bleeding feet?
Who'll be the next to lay every burden,
Down at the Father's mercy-seat?

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be next to praise His name?
Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption?
Sing, hallelujah! praise the Lamb!

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Down through the Jordan's rolling tide?
Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed,
Singing upon the other side?

PRAYER MEETING.

Tune, "O Saviour, I am coming." B. J. 20. S. M., II., 4. P. W. 38.

241 WITH my heart so full of sadness,
I am coming, Lord, to Thee ;
Coming now to find Thy gladness,
And Thy grace, so rich and free.
Empty is the world's enjoyment,
Fleeting is its glittering show ;
When I see my Saviour's brightness,
All is darkness here below.

O Saviour, I am coming,
Coming, coming,
O Saviour, I am coming,
I'm coming now to Thee.

Coming with my heart of sorrow,
Coming with my life of care ;
Coming to the Lord of mercy—
Coming to the God of prayer.
Leaving all the world behind me,
Leaving all my doubts and fears ;
Pressing on to find my Saviour,
Who will wipe away my tears.

Giving now my soul and body
As an off'ring, Lord, to Thee ;
In Thy footsteps I would follow,
Living, dying, Thine to be.
Oh, in mercy, let Thy blessing
Fill and overflow my heart ;
All my ways and thoughts possessing,
Come, dear Lord, no more to part.

Till I close my earthly story,
Till I rest within the grave,
Till I see Thee in Thy glory—
Thou, the Mighty One to save.
Keep me still to Calvary clinging ;
Walking, talking, Lord, with Thee ;
Then my soul to glory bringing,
There eternally to be.

PRAYER MEETING.

W. 38.

Tune, "My Lord, what a mourning." B. B. 56. S. M., II., 15.

242 YOU'LL hear the trumpet sound,
To wake the nations under ground ;
Looking to my God's right hand,
When the stars begin to fall.

My Lord, what a mourning !
When the stars begin to fall.

You'll see the great white throne,
And stand before it all alone,
Waiting for the King to call,
When the stars begin to fall.

Before the judgment seat,
Your sentence will the King repeat ;
Terror will you then enthrall,
When the stars begin to fall.

You'll see the King come forth,
To judge the nations in His wrath ;
Sinners to the rocks will call,
When the stars begin to fall.

Tune, "Where do you journey ?" B. J. 171. S. M., I., 449. M. S.,
VI., 32.

243 YOU'VE oft heard the call to surrender,
God's Spirit with you oft has striven ;
Again to your heart He is speaking,
Another blest offer is given.

Oh, say, will you take up your cross ? (Repeat.)
The Saviour is waiting your answer,
Oh, say, will you take up your cross ?

His voice you have long disregarded,
Unheeded He's knocked at your door ;
Oh, now open wide to your Saviour,
Lest He leave you to knock, nevermore.

The time will soon come when you'll need Him.
To bear you safe over death's stream ;
To-day, oh, be wise, seek His favor,
Just now while He knocks, let Him in.

WAR.

Suitable for demonstrations and for all meetings where the aim is to inspire God's soldiers with the fighting spirit.

Tune, "Gone are the days." B.B. 47. S.M., I., 387. M.S., VI., 97.

244 **A**LL round the world the Army chariot rolls,
All round the world the Lord is saving souls,
v All round the world our soldiers will be brave;
Around our colors we will rally—wave, soldiers, wave.

Keep waving, keep waving, keep every flag unfurl'd,
We soon shall have our colors waving all round the world.

All round the world with music and with song,
All round the world we'll boldly march along,
All round the world to free each sin-bound slave, [wave.
We'll wave our Army flags for Jesus—wave, soldiers,

All round the world the Saviour's blood shall flow,
All round the world we will to battle go,
All round the world the universe to save,
With blood and fire, with faith and feeling—wave, soldiers, wave.

Tune, "Crown Him." B. B. 63. S. M., I., 285.

245 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name,
And down before Him fall;
c To all the world His love proclaim,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every drunkard, every soul,
Who hears the Saviour's call,
On Him his guilty burden roll,
And crown Him Lord of all.

WAR.

Let all our soldiers never tire,
In street, in lane, in hall,
The red-hot gospel shot to fire,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye soldiers of our God,
And every sinner call,
Make known the power of Jesus blood,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall ;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Tune, "Come join our Army." B. B. 14. S. M., I., 475.

246 **C**OME, join our Army, to battle we go,
Jesus will help us to conquer the foe ;
Defending the right and opposing the wrong,
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Marching along, we are marching along,
The Salvation Army is marching along ;
Soldiers of Jesus, be valiant and strong,
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Come, join our Army, and enter the field,
The sword of the Spirit with strong faith we wield ;
Our armor is bright and our weapons are strong,
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Come, join our Army, the foe must be driven,
To Jesus, our Captain, the world shall be given ;
If hell should surround us, we'll press through the throng,
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Come, join our Army, the foe we defy,
True to our colors, we'll fight till we die ;
"Saved from all sin," is our war cry and song ;
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Come, join our Army, and do not delay,
The time for enlisting is passing away ;
The battle is raging, but vict'ry will come,
The Salvation Army is marching along.

WAR.

Tune, "Come shout and sing." B. J. 19. S. M., II., 2.

247 COME shout and sing, make heaven ring,
With praises to our King,
Who bled and died, was crucified,
That He might pardon bring; [whole.
His blood doth save the soul, cleanse and make it
The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow. (Repeat.)
Oh, bless the happy day, He washed my sins away.
The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

Come join our band and take a stand,
To drive sin from our land;
To do or die, is our battle cry,
We fight at God's command,
With banners wide unfurled, we tell to all the world,
The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

At trumpet's sound, we stand our ground,
And tell to those around,
Who have been long with shackles strong,
By sin and Satan bound.
Salvation God has sent, to all who will repent,
The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

The Lord is near, when foes appear,
And bids us not to fear,
But fight the fight, for God and right,
He'll keep the pathway clear;
Then when we come to die, we'll shout our battle cry,
The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

Tune, "Stand up for Jesus." B. J. 23. S. M., I., 147.

248 FIGHT on, fight on for Jesus! ye soldiers of the
cross;

Lift high His royal banner, it must not suffer loss;
From vict'ry unto vict'ry His Army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished, and Christ is Lord indeed.

The day of vict'ry's coming, 'tis coming by-and-bye,
When to the cross of Calvary all nations they shall fly,
We're soldiers in the Army, we'll fight until we die,
For the day of vict'ry's coming by-and-bye.

WAR.

Fight on, fight on for Jesus, the trumpet call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict in this His glorious day !
Ye that are men, now serve Him against unnumbered foes ;
Let courage rise with danger, and strength to strength
oppose.

Fight on, fight on for Jesus ! stand in His strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you—ye dare not trust your own ;
Put on salvation armor, and, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger, be never wanting there.

Fight on, fight on for Jesus ! the strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle, the next the victor's song ;
To Him that overcometh a crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of Glory shall reign eternally.

Tune, "On, battalions of the Lord." M. S., I., 80. B. J. 79.

249 FORWARD ! sons of God, with banners gleam-
Forward ! tarry not, for hear the pleading [ing !
Of the souls enslaved by hell,
Over whom sin's deadly spell
Has been thrown ; oh, hear them calling for your aid.

On, battalions of the Lord, to victory ! victory !
On, battalions of the Lord with hearts that fear no danger.
On to break each captive's chain, Bring the world to God
From the iron grip of hell each soul set free. [again ;

Forward ! on you rest the world's salvation ;
Forward ! bear the balm to every nation,
That can heal the broken heart,
And the peace of God impart
To the conscience that is grieving over sin.

Forward ! Christ for all has purchased freedom ;
All His blood can free from hell's dominion ;
Forward go to every land,
This is our good Lord's command,
Tell each weary soul that Jesus rest can give.

Forward ! in the cause of Christ be daring ;
For His sake with joy all hardness bearing ;
Though the foe in fierce array
Seek to fill you with dismay,
In the might of Judah's Lion forward go !

WAR.

Tune, "When the trumpet sounds." B. J. 43. P. W. 80.

250 **G**OD is keeping His soldiers fighting,
Evermore we shall conquerors be ;
All the hosts of hell are uniting,
But we're sure to have victory.
Though to beat us they've been trying,
Our colors still are flying,
And our flag shall wave for ever,
For we never will give in

No, we never, never, never will give in, no we won't,
No we won't, no we won't, no we won't ;
No, we never, never, never will give in, no we won't,
For we mean to have the victory for ever.

We will follow our conquering Saviour ;
From before Him hell's legions shall fly ;
Our battalions shall never waver,
They're determined to conquer or die.
From holiness and heaven
We never will be driven ;
We will stand our ground for ever,
For we never will give in.

With salvation for every nation,
To the ends of the earth we will go ;
With a free and a full salvation,
All the power of the Cross we'll show.
We'll tear hell's throne to pieces,
And win the world for Jesus ;
We'll be conquerors forever,
For we never will give in !

Tune, "Fighting on." E. B. 25.

251 **G**OD'S trumpet is sounding, "To arms !" is the
call,

W More warriors are wanted to help on the war ;
My King's in the battle, He's calling for me,
A Salvation soldier for Jesus I'll be.

On land and on water my colors I'll show ;
Through ten thousand battles with Jesus I'll go ;
In danger I'm certain He'll take care of me,
His blood-and-fire soldier for ever I'll be.

WAR.

When foes persecute me I'll not be dismayed,
Sin, death, hell, and fiends, shall not make me afraid ;
From fearing and doubting I'm fully set free,
A Salvation soldier for God I will be.

I'll fight to the last with the Lord's sword and shield,
And count it an honor to die in the field ;
In death and the grave there is victory for me,
A Salvation soldier in glory I'll be.

The war will go on till the world is possessed,
The Salvation Army, Jehovah has blessed ;
More heroes of faith on the roll we shall see ;
The Salvation Army's the army for me.

Tune, "Hark, hark, my soul." B. B. 81. S. M., 1., 139.

252 **H**ARK ! hark ! my soul, what war-like songs
are swelling

Through all the streets, and on from door to door ;
How grand the truths those burning strains are telling,
Of that great war till sin shall be no more.

Salvation Army, Army of God,
Onward to conquer the world with fire and blood.

Onward we go, the world shall hear our singing—
Come, guilty souls, for Jesus bids you come,
And through the dark its echoes loudly ringing,
Shall lead the wretched, lost, and wandering home.

Far, far away, like thunder grandly pealing,
We'll send the call of mercy full and free,
And burdened souls, by thousands humbly kneeling,
Shall bend, dear Lord, their rebel necks to Thee.

Conquerors at last, tho' fight be long and dreary,
Bright day shall dawn, and sin's dark night be past ;
Our battles end in saving sinners weary,
And Satan's kingdom down shall fall at last.

WAR.

Tune, "Hold the fort." S. M., I., 24.

253 **H**O ! my comrades, see the millions,
Dying, soon to die ;
s Fiends, and men, and God defying,
Endless ruin nigh.

Fight the fight, Salvation Army,
God has given the call ;
Earth and hell can ne'er withstand us,
We shall conquer all.

See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on ;
Drink and sin men's souls destroying,
Hope will soon be gone.

See our glorious banner waving,
Converts' faces glow ;
Desperate sinners God is saving,
Spite of every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,
But the Lord is here ;
Onward with our great Commander,
We will never fear.

Tune, "Let us march thro' the world." B. B. C. B. J. 78. S.M.,
I., 531.

254 **I** AM a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ;
c I will not fear to own His cause,
Nor blush to spread His fame.

Let us march thro' the world with the fire and the blood ;
Lord, the power and the glory are Thine !
When we've turned guilty sinners by millions to God,
Like stars in the heavens we'll shine.

I'll not go singing to the skies,
And living at my ease,
While others miss the heavenly prize,
And die of sin's disease.

WAR.

The foes of truth and man I'll face,
And bring them to the blood ;
I'll change the world by Jesu's grace,
And conquer it for God.

Yes, I will fight, and Christ shall reign,
Increase my courage, Lord ;
I'll bear the toil and victory gain,
For Thou hast given the word.

Tune, "Gird on the armour." B. J. 36. F. S. 52.

255 I HAVE read of men of faith,
Who have boldly fought till death,
Who now the crown of life are wearing ;
Then the thought comes back to me,
Can I not a soldier be,
Like to those martyrs, bold and daring ?

I'll gird on the armour, and rush to the field,
Determined to conquer, and never to yield ;
So the enemy shall know, wheresoever I may go,
That I am fighting for Jehovah.

I, like them, will take my stand,
With the sword of God in hand,
Smiling amid opposing legions ;
I the victor's crown will gain,
And at last go home to reign
In heaven's bright and sunny regions.

I will join at once the fight,
Leaning on my Saviour's might,
Who's strong and mighty to deliver ;
From my post I will not shrink,
Though I of death's cup should drink ;
Hell to defeat is my endeavor.

Will you not enlist with me,
And a gallant soldier be ?
Vain 'tis to waste your time in slumber ;
Jesus calls for men of war,
Who will fight and not give o'er,
Routing hell's hosts in fear and wonder.

WAR.

Tune, "I'm glad I'm in this Army." B. B. 44. S. M., I., 19.

256 I WILL not be discouraged, For Jesus is my
Friend ;

T He'll lead me safe to glory, And keep me to the end.

Oh, I'm glad I'm in this Army,
And I'll battle for the Lord !
He will give me grace to conquer,
And keep me to the end.

Fight on, ye valiant soldiers, The battle we shall win,
For the Saviour is our Captain, And we shall conquer sin.

And when the battle's over, Before Him we shall stand ;
We shall sing His praise for ever In that holy, happy land.

Then with the blest in glory, All robed in dazzling white,
We will sing the pleasing story, And march in Jesus' sight.

Tune, "We're sure to finish well." B. J. 148. P. W. 18.

257 I'M a soldier and I fight

For my Saviour and the right,

X In my heart His blessed presence ever lives ;
Though the world may scoff and jeer,
I can stand without a fear,

For He perfect joy, and peace, and comfort gives.

We're sure to finish well, We're sure to finish well,
If I and you are good and true, We're sure to finish well ;
We're sure to finish well, We're sure to finish well,
We mean to fight and conquer, We're sure to finish well.

When my enemies come forth

To attack my soul in wrath,

I can stand my ground and face all earth and hell ;

When the battle's at its height,

I can close in deadly fight,

While of Jesus' dying love I boldly tell.

So I stand my ground and fire,

While the hosts of hell retire,

As, with sword in hand, I raise my voice to sing ;

When my fighting days are done,

And the victory is won,

I will shout a hallelujah to my King.

WAR.

Tune, "Never mind, go on." B. J. 72. P. W. 55.

258 **I**N the fight, say, does your heart grow weary?
Do you find your path is rough and thorny,
And above the sky is dark and stormy?
Never mind ; go on !
Lay aside all fear, and, onward pressing,
Bravely fight, and God will give His blessing ;
Though the war at times may prove distressing,
Never mind ; go on !

When the road we tread is rough,
Let us bear in mind,
In our Saviour strength enough,
We may always find ;
Though the fighting may be tough,
Let our motto be,
Go on, go on, to victory.

Faithful be, delaying not to follow
Where Christ leads, though it may be through sorrow ;
If the strife should fiercer grow to morrow,
Never mind ; go on !
Cheerful be, it will your burdens lighten ;
One glad heart will always others brighten ;
Though the strife the coward soul may frighten,
Never mind ; go on !

When down-hearted, look away to Jesus,
Who, for you, did shed His blood most precious ;
Let us say, though all the world should hate us,
Never mind ; go on !
Do your best, in fighting for your Saviour,
For His sake, fear not to lose men's favor ;
If beside you should a comrade waver,
Never mind ; go on !

Tune, "No other argument." B. J. 7. S. M., I., 169.

259 **J**ESUS, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth or sky ;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

We have no other argument ; We want no other plea ;
It is enough that Jesus died, And that He died for me.

WAR.

Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given ;
It scatters all their guilty fear ;
It turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head ;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace ;
The Arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name,
Preach Him to all, and cry in death
Behold, behold the Lamb !

Tune, "A robe of white." B. J. 5. S. M., II., 95.

260 MARCHING on in the light of God,
Marching on, marching on ;
Up the path that our Master trod ;
Marching, marching on.

A robe of white, a crown of gold,
A harp, a home, a mansion fair,
A victor's palm, a joy untold,
Are mine when I get there.
For Jesus is my Saviour, He washed my sins away,
Paid my debt on Calvary's mountain ;
I'm happy in His dying love, singing all the day,
I'm living, yes, I'm living in the fountain

Marching on with the blood and fire,
Marching till Christ says "Come up higher."

Marching on with the flag unfurled,
Preaching Christ to a dying world.

Marching on though the sceptics sneer,
Perfect love knoweth naught of fear.

WAR.

Tune, "Lift up the banner." B. E. 8. S. M., II., 1.

261 **M**Y comrades, brave, lift up your hearts
In praises to our King,
c Who to this day has led us forth ;
Loud let His praises ring.

Then we'll lift up the banner on high,
The salvation banner of love ;
We'll fight beneath it's colors till we die,
Then march to our home above.

We won't forget the day, when we
Were bound in Satan's chain ;
But we will praise our Saviour's name,
Who washed away sin's stain.

Our King shall lead the Army on,
And we, as warriors brave,
Clad in salvation armour strong,
Will fight the world to save.

In streets, and lanes, and sin's dark haunts,
Our flag of love we'll raise ;
In spite of sneers the world may give,
We'll seek their souls to save.

We'll follow in the Master's steps,
His aim our hearts shall fill ;
Like Him, it shall be our delight,
To do our Father's will.

Tune, "The bell goes a-ringing for Sarah."

262 **M**Y name is a Salvation soldier,
I'm fighting for Jesus, my King ;
I fight with the sword of the Spirit,
The battle He helps me to win.
"Salvation from sin" is my war cry,
The foe I am certain to rout ;
And while to the battle I'm marching,
This, this is the song that I'll shout :

Oh ! it's nice to be fighting for Jesus,
For Jesus, for Jesus !
Oh ! it's nice to be fighting for Jesus,
For victory's certain to come.

WAR.

My Saviour is Lord of the nations ;
Jehovah, the Mighty to Save ;
He bought with His blood my salvation,
And all my transgressions forgave.
I stand ready armed for the action,
Poor sinners to Jesus I'll bring ;
I'm happy in serving my Saviour,
And while in the battle I'll sing—

A little more fighting for Jesus,
A little more trusting His name,
Then off to the bright Golden City,
A crown of rejoicing to gain.
The palm of the victor He'll give me,
When I get to the regions so fair ;
But until the end of my journey,
To all I am going to declare—

Tune, "Oh, for a thousand tongues." B. J. 169. S. M., I., 239.

263

OH, FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise ;
c The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me.

Poor drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself to Thee,
'Tis all that I can do.

The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss ;
For Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And tells me I am His.

WAR.

Tune, "On to conquer." B. J. 76. M. S., II., 25.

264 **O**H, my comrades in the fight, who are struggling
for the right,

x Never falter though the battle may be long ;
If we pull together well we shall conquer death and hell,
So in faith we'll push the chariot along.

Push on, comrades, in the battle,
Our great King will make us strong ;
In the soldier's home on high
We'll be wealthy by-and-bye,
If we boldly push the chariot along.

Push the battle on in love, there's a shining crown above,
If we faithful to the finish shall endure ;
So we'll dare to do the right, and we'll conquer in the fight,
Till in heaven all our sufferings will be o'er.

Push the battle on with prayer, let the news go every-
That Emmanuel shall yet reign over all ; [where,
Black and white, and every kind, shall a loving Saviour
And the nations shall come bowing at His call. [find,

Push the battle on with force, till we over Jordan cross,
To the country where our comrades all are gone ;
Who have fought the fight and won, and have heard the
glad "Well done !"
Till with them we praise the Saviour round the throne.

Tune, "Roused from my slumber." B. J. 33. F. S. 37.

265 **R**OUSED from my slumber, called forth to war,
I follow now my Saviour ;

I tread the path that He trod before,
Winning for me God's favor.
Danger and hardship, sorrow and pain,
I'll bear with joy for my Saviour's name ;
Though fierce the conflict, yet this I know,
I shall the victory gain.

Oh, I am a soldier ! Glory to God,
Fighting for Christ Who bought me ;
I am a soldier washed in the blood,
Marching along to glory.

WAR.

I will be daring, fighting for God,
True to the charge He gives me ;
Gladly I'll stand where Jesus has stood,
Though it my life may cost me.
Now sin's enticements I'll treat with scorn,
My heart from Jesus no power shall turn ;
For Him Who suffered death me to save,
My soul with love shall burn.

Glory to Jesus ! praise to His name,
For He of praise is worthy ;
He frees the captives, breaks every chain,
Pard'ning the rebel freely.
Glad are the tidings I have to bear,
Sinners around me of Christ shall hear,
As I proclaim the grace of my Lord,
To Whom each soul is dear.

Tune, "Steadily forward march." B. J. 78. M. S., II., 64.

266 **S**ALVATION is our motto,
T Salvation is our song,
And round the wide, wide world,
We'll send the cry along.
Yes, Jesus is the sinners' Friend,
The Bible tells us so ;
Their many sins He will forgive,
And wash them white as snow.

Steadily forward march, To Jesus we will bring
Sinners of every kind, And He will take them in ;
Rich and poor as well, It does not matter how, [snow.
Bring them in with all their sin ; He'll wash them white as

Though all the world oppose us,
Yet we will never fear,
With Jesus as our Leader,
His presence ever near ;
A wall of fire around us,
We'll never doubt His power,
But forward go, the lost to save,
Yes from this very hour.

WAR.

Then forward to the conflict,
As through the world we go
Rejoicing in the precious blood,
That washes white as snow.
Yes, we will go for Jesus,
Although we may be poor ;
For if in love we do our best,
Then victory is sure.

Tune, "Shout aloud salvation." B. J. 2. S. M., II., 46.

267 SHOUT aloud, salvation boys, we'll have another
song,
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as our comrades sang it many millions strong,
As they were marching to glory.

March on, march on ! we bring the jubilee,
Fight on, fight on ! salvation makes us free ;
We'll shout our Saviour's praises over every land and sea,
As we go marching to glory.

How the anxious shout it when they hear the joyful sound !
How the weakest conquer, when the Saviour they have
found !
How our grand battalions seem to spring out of the ground, .
As we go marching to glory.

Yes, and there are Christian men that weep with joyful
tears, [years,
When our Saviour's honored, as He has not been for
And a full salvation drives away their doubts and fears,
As we go marching to glory.

"Oh ! they're helpless nobodies," our enemies made boast,
They forgot that with us comes th' Almighty Holy Ghost,
And unseen battalions of the glorious heav'nly host
As we go marching to glory.

So we'll make a thoroughfare for Jesus and His train ;
All the world shall hear us, as fresh converts still we gain ;
Sin shall fly before us, for resistance is in vain,
As we go marching to glory

WAR.

Tune, "Christian, rouse thee" ("Men of Harlech"). B. B. 67.
B. J. 90. S. M., I., 7.

268 SOLDIER, rouse thee ! war is raging,
God and fiends are battle waging,
Ev'ry ransomed power engaging,
Break the tempter's spell.
Dare ye still lie fondly dreaming,
Wrapt in ease and worldly scheming,
While the multitudes are streaming,
Downwards into hell ?

Through the world resounding, Let the gospel sounding,
Summon all, at Jesus' call, His glorious cross surrounding ;
Sons of God, earth's trifles leaving, Be not faithless, but
believing, [fight !
To your conquering Captain cleaving, Forward, to the

Lord, we come, and from Thee never,
Self, nor earth our hearts shall sever ;
Thine entirely, Thine forever,
We will fight and die.
To a world of rebels dying,
Heaven, and hell, and God defying,
Everywhere we'll still be crying—
"Will ye perish—why?"

Hark ! I hear the warriors shouting,
Now the hosts of hell we're routing ;
Courage, onward, never doubting,
We shall win the day.
See the foe before us falling,
Sinners on the Saviour calling,
Throwing off the bondage galling—
Join our glad array.

Tune, "Soldiers fighting." B. B. 44. S. M., I., 224.

269 SOLDIERS fighting round the cross,
Fight for your Lord ;
Reckon all things else but loss,
Fight for your Lord.

All hail ! I'm saved ! Oh, come and join our conquering
All hail ! I'm saved ! We'll conquer if we die. [band.

WAR.

Gird your sword and hell defy,
Onward charge and never fly.

In the name of Christ, your Friend,
With the powers of hell contend.

Fight the fight of faith with me ;
Jesus gives the victory.

"Be thou faithful," hear Him cry ;
"In My service fight and die."

See in heaven the rescued slaves,
Rescue more while Jesus saves.

Faithfully your weapons wield—
Stand your ground, and win the field.

Fight your way to victory's shore,
There we'll feast and triumph more.

Tune, "Storm the forts of darkness." B. J. 4. M. S., VI., 106.

270 **S**OLDIERS of our God, arise !
The day is drawing nearer ;
Shake the slumber from your eyes,
The night is growing clearer.
Sit no longer idly by,
While the heedless millions die,
Lift the blood-stained banner high,
And take the field for Jesus.

Storm the forts of darkness,
Bring them down, bring them down. (Repeat.)
Pull down the devil's kingdom,
Where'er he holds dominion ;
Go storm the forts of darkness, bring them down.
Glory, honor to the Lamb,
Praise and power to the Lamb ;
Glory, honor, praise and power,
Be for ever to the Lamb !

WAR.

See the brazen hosts of hell
Art and power employing ;
More than human tongue can tell
Blood-bought souls destroying.
Hark ! from ruin's ghastly road,
Victims groan beneath their load,
Forward, oh, ye sons of God,
And dare or die for Jesus.

Warriors of the bleeding Lamb,
Army of Salvation,
Spread the fame of Gilead's Balm,
Conquer every nation.
Raise the glorious standard higher,
Strike for vict'ry—never tire,
Onward march with blood and fire,
And win the world for Jesus.

Tune, "We're marching on to war." B. B. 54. S. M., II., 10.

271 THE Army's on the march, To bring the world
to God,

And all the world is wondering at our motto,
"Fire and blood ;"

They say our mode's irregular, our converts do not stand,
And all the mighty work that's done, Is but a rope of sand.

We're marching on to war, We are, we are, we are,
We care not what the people think, Or what they say
we are ;

We mean to fight for Jesus, Who did salvation bring,
We're Hallelujah Soldiers, and We're fighting for our King.

Why don't they come and see, The thousands, old and
young,

Of every rank and grade in life, Who's taking up our song,
And spreading through the country The gospel's glorious
light ;

But if they won't, why, we can't stop, We're bound to
win the fight.

WAR.

Then, comrades, come along, Engage in this good fight,
And help us in this holy war, To put the foe to flight.
We never will retreat, But rush to do the right, [light.
With Christ, our blessed Saviour, We're walking in the

Then, stand back, ye half-hearted, Who would our way
obstruct ;
We ne'er will follow forms of men, Or go in any rut ;
But everything the Lord says "do," We'll do with all
our might, [right.
That all the world may fully know We're battling for the

Tune, "The ransomed of the Lord." S. M., I., 392.

272 **T**HE ransomed of the Lord are a happy band,
Tho' despised they are strong, Hallelujah !
They are bound to recruit as they march along,
Will you come and join us ? Hallelujah

Hallelujah, hall'elujah !
I belong to this band, Hallelujah !

King David, though he sat upon a throne of state,
He belonged to this band, Hallelujah !
And the beggar, who lay at the rich man's gate,
Was a member of the band, Hallelujah !

The three Hebrew worthies, who would not deny their God,
They belonged to this band, Hallelujah !
And Daniel, who, with lions, never lost a drop of blood,
Was a member of this band, Hallelujah !

The Apostle Paul, tho' of sinners the chief,
He belonged to this band, Hallelujah !
And the Saviour when he died, made the dying thief
A member of this band, Hallelujah !

Let us march along in faith, and we shall wear a crown,
Blow our trumpets and shout Hallelujah !
Round the walls of sin and Satan, till they shake and
tumble down,
By the Captain of our band, Hallelujah !

WAR.

Tune, "Oh, the crowning day is coming." M. S., II., 12. B. J. 21.

273 THERE is coming on a great day of rejoicing,
When all the ransomed shall gather their Lord
as King to crown ;
All earth's sorrow and its sin then disappearing,
Every heart will the Saviour then own.

Oh, the crowning day is coming, Hallelujah !
Oh, the crowning day is coming, Praise the Lord !
For our Saviour King shall reign,
He shall have His own again, Hallelujah !

From far distant lands battalions now are marching,
Who will have part in the honors which Jesus will bestow ;
God be praised for all the souls that now are starting,
Swelling the hosts that to victory go.

For the grand review, my comrades, we shall gather,
With all the brave and the true, we shall pass before the
Oh, what joy 'twill be for us then to remember, [King ;
That we the world for our Lord helped to win.

There are many who would tell us we are dreaming,
Thinking that Jesus shall reign o'er the nations of the
world ;

But with steadfast faith we still fight on unheeding,
Safe from the taunts that against us are hurled.

Do you comrades feel at times a bit down-hearted,
When in the fight all looks darks, and the foe seems fierce
and strong ?

At such times I find my fear has all departed,
When I remember that day coming on.

Tune, "We're marching to Zion." B. B. 68. S. M., I., 504.

274 TO leave the world below,
March upward with our band,
E And step by step we mean to go
To Zion's happy land.

We're marching to Zion, beautiful, beautiful Zion,
Marching the Army to Zion, that beautiful city of God.

WAR.

The city we shall see,
The heavenly music hear ;
Marching to songs of victory,
With all the Army there.

The pearly gates are wide,
The streets are bright and fair ;
We'll march together, side by side,
Till safely landed there.

Beside the crystal stream,
Led on by Zion's King,
We'll swell the great salvation theme,
And songs of victory sing.

With "Blood and Fire" unfurled,
Marching to victory grand,
The Army means to lead the world
To Zion's happy land.

Tune, "Never run away" (Never part again"). B. B. 29. B. J. 76.
S. M., I., 121.

275 **T**O save the world is our desire,
For enemies we pray ;
If foes conspire, we'll stand the fire,
We'll never, never run away.
We're marching on to conquer all ;
Before our God the world shall fall ;
We'll face the foe, to battle go,
And never, never run away.

What, never run away ? No, never run away ! (Repeat)
We'll face the foe, to battle go, And never, never run away.

Sin's greatest strongholds we'll attack,
Our Captain we'll obey ;
The foe shall yet be driven back,
We'll never, never run away.
Firm in the field, we will not yield,
The battle shall not stay ;
With sling and stone, with sword and shield,
We'll never, never run away.

WAR.

With holy might the foe we'll smite,
The monster, sin, to slay ;
For God we'll fight, we know we're right.
We'll never, never run away.
Onward we'll march, with flags unfurled,
Jesus shall have the sway ;
Like Him who died to save the world,
We'll never, never run away.

Tune, "Victory for me." B. J. 69. P. W. 78.

276 **T**O the front the cry is ringing,
To the front your place is there ;
In the conflict men are wanted,
Men of hope and faith and prayer.
Selfish ends shall claim no right,
From the battle's post to take us ;
Fear shall vanish in the fight,
For triumphant God will make us.

No retreating, hell defeating, Shoulder to shoulder we
stand,
God looks down, and glory crowns Our conquering band.
Victory for me, Through the blood of Christ my Saviour,
Victory for me, Through the precious blood.

To the front, the fight is raging,
Christ's own banner leads the way ;
Every power and thought engaging,
Might divine shall be our stay.
We have heard the cry for help
From the dying millions round us ;
We've received the royal command,
From our dying Lord who found us.

To the front, no more delaying,
Wounded spirits need thy care ;
To the front, the Lord obeying,
Stoop to help the dying there.
Broken hearts and blighted hopes,
Slaves of sin and degradation,
Wait for thee in love to bring,
Holy peace and liberation.

WAR.

Tune, "To the work" ("Fighting on"). B. B. 25.

277 **T**O the war ! to the war ! loud and long sounds
the cry ;

W To the war ! every soldier who fears not to die ;
See the millions who're drifting to hell's endless woe,
Oh, who in the name of Jehovah will go ?

Fighting on, fighting on, fighting on, fighting on ;
With His love inspired, and His purpose fired,
We'll fight until the Master calls.

To the war ! to the war ! who'll the war cry obey ?
'Tis the great God who calls you to fight while 'tis day ;
Though the battle be fierce, and though mighty the foe,
The Salvation Army to victory must go.

To the war ! to the war ! louder rings out the cry ;
Who'll enlist in this Army all hell to defy ?
Bright angels await glitt'ring crowns to bestow,
Oh, who in the might of Jehovah will go ?

To the war ! to the war ! ev'ry man to his post ;
Go, care for the dying ; go, seek for the lost ;
Hark ! converts are singing, their bright faces glow,
As they joyfully shout : " To the war we will go ! "

Tune, "Ring the bells of heaven." B. B. 16. S. M., I., 25.

278 **W**E are in the Army, fighting for the King,
And we know our sins are all forgiven ;
With our happy comrades, we can shout and sing,
We are on the royal road to heaven.

Sing, soldiers, sing, and let the people hear !
Shout, soldiers, shout, and never, never fear !
If we keep believing, we are bound to win ;
" Blood and fire " is sure to conquer sin.

In the name of Jesus, onward we will go,
And of free salvation we will sing ;
Clad in gospel armour we will face the foe,
And the world to Jesus' feet we'll bring.

WAR.

Though our foes be mighty, and the fight severe,
Trusting in the King, we'll march along ;
Jesus is our Leader, we will never fear,
He can make the weakest soldier strong.

Blow the gospel trumpet, wield the two-edged sword ;
Tell the world that Jesus died to save ;
Forward to the conflict, trusting in the Lord,
He will make His soldiers bold and brave.

Courage, then, my comrades, Jesus is our Friend,
He will lead and guide us in the fight ;
He will keep us faithful to our journey's end,
If we keep the gospel armour bright.

Tune, "There's a golden harp." B. B. 4. S. M., I., 530.

279 **W**E are marching home to glory,
Marching up to mansions bright,
Where the golden harps are playing,
Where the saints are robed in white.

There's a golden harp in glory,
There's a spotless robe for you
March with us to the hallelujah city,
To the land beyond the blue.

March to swell the "hallelujah chorus,"
With departed friends to stay ;
Sweetest notes of heavenly music,
Upon golden harps to play.

March across death's swelling river,
Jesus will the waves divide ;
We shall reign with Christ forever,
When we reach the other side.

Sinners, join our happy Army,
March with us to Canaan's shore ;
Robes of white, and harps of glory
May be yours for ever more.

WAR.

Tune, "Then awake." B. J. 54. S. M., I., 65.

280 WE are marching on with shield and banner
bright,
We will work for God and battle for the right,
We will praise His name, rejoicing in His might,
And we'll work till Jesus calls.

Then awake, then awake, happy song, happy song,
Shout for joy, shout for joy, as we gladly march along.
We are marching onward, singing as we go,
To the promised land where living waters flow,
Come and join our ranks as soldiers here below,
Come and work till Jesus calls.

In the open-air our Army we prepare,
And we rally round our blessed standard there,
And the Saviour's Cross we'll gladly learn to bear,
While we work till Jesus calls.

We are marching on, our Captain, ever near,
Will protect us still, His guiding voice we hear ;
Let the foe advance, we'll never, never fear,
For we'll work till Jesus calls.

We are marching on and pressing towards the prize,
To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,
To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,
And we'll work till Jesus calls.

Tune, "We are sweeping through the land." B. J. 15. S. M., I., 88.

281 WE are sweeping through the land,
With the sword of God in hand ;
x We are marching, and we're praying while we fight ;
On the wings of love we'll fly,
To the souls about to die,
And we'll force them to behold the precious light.

With the conquering Son of God,
Who has washed us in His blood,
Dangers braving, sinners saving,
We are sweeping through the land.

WAR.

Oh, the blessed Lord of Light,
We will serve Him with our might,
And His arm shall bring salvation to the poor ;
They shall lean upon His breast,
Know the sweetness of His rest,
Of His pardon, He the vilest will assure.

We are sweeping on to win
Perfect victory over sin,
And we'll shout the Saviour's praises evermore ;
When the strife on earth is done,
And some million souls we've won,
We'll rejoin our conquering comrades gone before.

Burst, are all our prison bars,
And we'll shine in heaven like stars,
For we'll conquer, 'neath our blessed Lord's command.
See, salvation's morning breaks,
And our country now awakes,
The Salvation Army's sweeping through the land.

Tune, "With sword and shield." B. J. 61. P. W. 26.

282 **W**E are marching o'er the regions
Where the slavery of sin
Is enforced by hellish legions,
But we fight and we shall win.
Step by step we march along,
Never daunted, fearing none ;
True liberty from self and Satan
Is our song.

With sword and shield we take the field,
We're not afraid to die,
While the standard of the Cross is waving o'er us ;
We raise on high our battle cry,
And all hell's power defy ;
Scattered by our ranks the foe falls down before us.
March on ! march on !
Heed not the cannon's roar ;
March on ! march on !
There's a crown when the battle's o'er.

WAR.

Have you heard the voice of weeping,
Have you heard the wail of woe,
Have you seen the fearful reaping
Of a soul that sinks below ?
Rouse then, who by Christ are freed,
Heed, oh ! heed the world's great need ;
To save the lost like Him who saved you,
Forward, speed.

In the darkest hour remember
Him who on the cross has died
So that every captive's fetter
Might be broken, cast aside.
Grip your weapons, soldiers brave,
Forward, dying souls to save,
Fight on, until in every land
Your colors wave.

Tune, "Under the Army flag." S. M., II., 56.

283 **W**E are Salvation Soldiers, of every class and
grade, [afraid ;
T While fighting for King Jesus, we never feel
We fight beneath our Army Flag, and never, never yield ;
We fight beneath our Army Flag, in the barracks, street,
or field,

Under the Army Flag, we'll fight our way to glory ;
Under the Army Flag, we'll conquer or we'll die ;
Under the Army Flag, we'll tell the gospel story ;
For "Victory and salvation," shall be our battle cry.

The world may jeer and scorn us, yet still we onward go ;
We never shrink from danger, though Satan is our foe ;
We march along in Jesus' name, who reigns enthroned
on high,
And "Vict'ry through His precious blood," shall be our
battle cry.

When toil and care are ended, and we have won the fight,
We'll pile our arms forever, in realms of pure delight ;
So, charge the foe in Jesus' name, let courage never lag,
But fight for souls and heav'nly fame, beneath the Army
Flag.

WAR.

Tune, "We'll be heroes." B. J. 75. S. M., I., 364.

284 **W**E'LL be heroes, we'll be heroes,
When the battle is fierce,
When the raging storm louder grows,
Will our courage increase, By the cross.

We shall conquer, we shall conquer,
Through the blood of the Lamb,
And we ne'er will retreat, though we die,
Till the conquest we've won, By the cross.

We are rising, we are rising,
And the foe shall be driven ;
Like warriors brave we will sing,
We have victory and heaven, By the Cross.

When we're dying, when we're dying,
In the arms of His love,
On the wings of faith we'll ascend
To the palace of God, By the cross.

Tune, "We shall win." B. J. 28. S. M., I., 249.

285 **W**E'RE a band that shall conquer the foe,
If we fight in the strength of our King ;
H With the sword of the Spirit we know
We shall sinners to Calvary bring.

I believe we shall win, we shall win,
For we fight in the strength of our King.

We have conquered in times that are past,
And we've scattered the foe from the field ;
Then we'll fight for the King till the last,
And the sword of the Spirit we'll wield.

Our foe may be mighty and brave,
And the fighting be hard and severe,
But the King is the mighty to save,
And in conflict He always is near.

In the name of the King we will fight,
With our banners unfurled to the breeze ;
We will battle for God and the right,
And the kingdom of Satan we'll seize.

WAR.

Tune, "The war, the war."

286 **W**E'RE soldiers so loyal and true,
'Neath the yellow, the red, and the blue,
Too long we have rested, but now we've enlisted,
Say, wouldn't you like to come too?
As we fight for our heavenly King,
We're so happy we shout and we sing ;
He gives us the treasure of love without measure,
While we to His promises cling.

The War, the War, the Salvation War !
 For Jesus I'm fighting ; in Him I'm delighting.
 The War, the War, the Salvation War !
 I'll fight till I die in the Salvation War !

From the north and the south they have come,
From the gutter, saloon, and the slum ;
The east and the west have been equally blest
By the sound of our singing and drum.
Of the great and the wealthy, as well,
Scores and hundreds are happy to tell,
How while we have pleaded, God's call they have heeded,
And now He has saved them from hell.

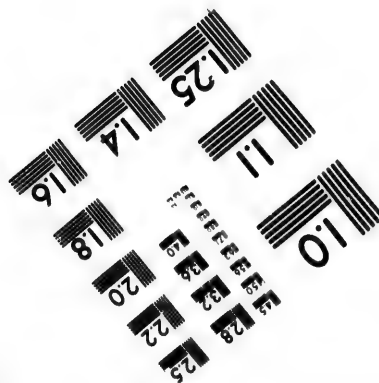
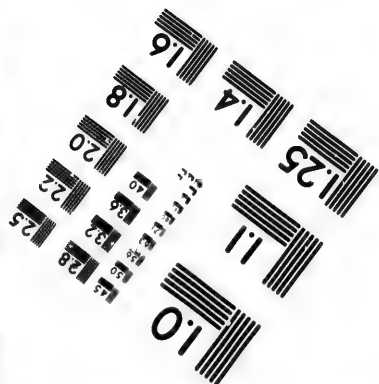
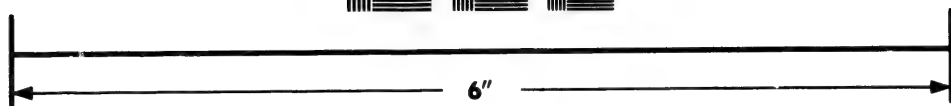
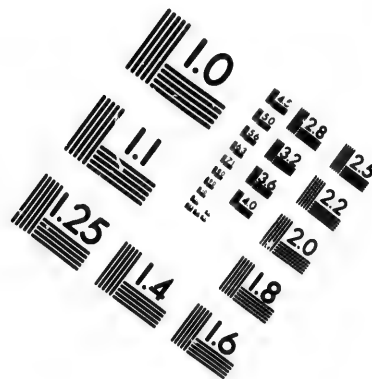
Won't you come to the Saviour to-day ?
 Doubts and sorrows will vanish away ;
 Oh, haste to the fountain of Calvary's mountain,
 He calls you ; oh, do not delay !
 Then you'll love what you've hated before,
 And your joy will increase more and more ;
 And then to save others—poor sisters and brothers—
 You'll join in the Salvation War.

Tune, "We've enlisted for life." B. J. 56. S. M., II., 100.

287 **W**E'VE enlisted for life, to engage in deadly
 strife, [throw ;
 To fight 'gainst sin and Satan, and his kingdom over-
 Though once he had us fast, yet we've got away at last,
 And now the joys of liberty we know.
 Yet many thousands still are captive at his will,
 We'll fill them with the dread of hell's alarms.

(185)





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WAR.

Then if a soldier you would be,
Come along and go with me ; [arms.
'Neath our banner "Blood and Fire" stand to

In the thick of the fight, be it ever our delight,
To follow in the footsteps of our blessed Lord and King ;
Where wretchedness and woe are abounding we will go,
And the battle cry of "Freedom" shout and sing.
We'll tell to those around how salvation may be found,
And freedom from the world and all its charms.

We have given up our all, and we hasten at the call
Of those who in their bondage groan and long to be set
free ;
We're not afraid of scars, or of prison bolts or bars,
But we haste to set the slaves at liberty.
Though the battle's raging sore, we never will give o'er,
Till we're landed in the haven free from harm.

For the world Jesus died, and there flows from out His
side,
A fountain that can wash away each guilty, sinful stain ;
His glory all shall know, to His sceptre all shall bow,
And as King o'er all the earth He soon shall reign.
Then for that glorious day, I'll watch, and fight, and pray,
And forward press through sunshine or through storm.

Tune, "We've enlisted." B. J. 97. P. W. 28.

288 **W**E'VE enlisted in the Army of the mighty
King of kings,
And His soldiers true and brave we mean to be ;
We have found His service happiness, it peace of con-
science brings,
And we're marching on to set the captive free.
There are voices we can hear, calling us from far and near,
Out of darkness, out of strife, from the woes of human
life,
From the drunkard's wretched home, from the lands of
heathendom,
There's a claim that calls for soldiers to the front.

WAR.

Oh, I do believe it, we shall gain the victory,
I do believe it, victory through the blood ;
I do believe it, we shall gain the victory,
Marching 'neath the banner of the mighty God.

'Neath the banner we are marching, marching on to do
our part,

For the power of right against the power of wrong ;
No allurement makes us linger, not a foe can make us
And the battle cry of freedom is our song. [start,
There are wrongs we go to right, there are foes we go to
fight ; [to see,

There are slaves we go to free, there are crowns we go
And our God in front doth go, every power to overthrow ;
Raise the standard, sound the trumpet, march along.

We shall conquer, not a foe shall stand before our mighty
arms,

We've the power of truth and glory at our back ;
Weak and erring, sad and sinful, they shall learn to know
the charms,

Of the joys we scatter all along our track.
Then the lame shall leap in praise, and the dumb their
voices raise,

Then the blinded eyes shall see, shackled slaves shall then
go free,

Then deaf ears shall be unstopped, and the heavy burdens
dropped,

Raise the standard ; hallelujah ! victory !

Tune, "Never say die." B. J. 103. P. W. 36.

289

WHAT a wonderful salvation
From every tribulation,
Purchased by the Saviour's blood ;
What a glorious revelation
To every land and nation,
Spoken by the Word of God.
For the rich and poor,
There is mercy sure,
By the love of the Lord of light ;
There are joys that last forever,
And crowns that tarnish never,
In those blessed regions bright.

(187)

WAR.

Never say die, Never say die,
Steadily keep advancing, Readily face the foe ;
Never say die, Never say die,
Steadily keep advancing, Forward go.

On our hearts Thy burden bearing,
And every terror daring,
Jesus, we will walk with Thee ,
We would share Thy hours of sadness,
To bring to others gladness.
If we may Thy servants be.
And our feet shall go
To the haunts of woe,
'While the love of the Cross we sing ;
And the living and the dying,
The hardened, God defying,
Back into the fold we'll bring.

Tune, " Who'll fight for the Lord ?" B. B. 15. S. M., I., 20.

290 **W**HO'LL fight for the Lord everywhere,
Till we march by the river of light,
H Where the Lamb leads His hosts free from care,
All robed in their garments of white ?

Everywhere ! Who'll fight for the Lord everywhere ?

Oh, think of the fiends everywhere,
Who on man's ruined nature have trod ;
Of the curses that breathe on the air,
From souls wandering far from their God.

O Saviour, lead me everywhere,
Till each sin-burdened soul knows Thy rest ;
Till the prey from the mighty we tear,
And our country with Thy peace is blest.

I'll fight for the Lord everywhere,
For the terrible need I can see ;
Many dying in sin everywhere ;
My Jesus alone can set free.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

UNITED GATHERINGS.

Tune, "God save the Queen." B. J. 159. M. S., V., 138.

291 **G**OD bless our Army brave,
Soon shall our colors wave
O'er land and sea.
Clothe us with righteousness,
Our faithful soldiers bless,
And crown with great success,
Our Army brave.

The Blood and Fire bestow,
Go with us where we go
To fight for Thee.
Still with our Army stay,
Drive sin and fear away ;
Give victory day by day
To Israel's side.

God bless our General,
Our officers as well—
God bless us all !
Oh, give us power to fight,
To put all hell to flight,
That victory may delight
Our Army brave.

Tune, "Tossing like a troubled ocean." B. B. 41. S. M., I., 514.

292 **L**ORD, we come before Thee now,
At Thy foot-stool low we bow ;
M We have come from far and near ;
Oh, reveal Thy presence here.

Filled with God we'll shake the kingdom,
Fighting at our Lord's command.

(189)

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Oh, what happiness to meet
Our loved comrades at Thy feet ;
At Thine altar now we kneel,
Come, dear Lord, Thyself reveal.

We are here to dedicate ;
Let us then no longer wait ;
Fill this temple with Thy grace,
And unveil Thy lovely face

Let the blood now purge within,
Every spot of inbred sin ;
Let us now Thy presence see,
And be swallowed up in Thee.

Let our mingled voices rise
To the armies of the skies ;
Soldiers, give a ringing cheer,
Heaven and earth are blended here.

Tune, "Take salvation." B. B. 18. S. M., I., 528.

293

○ THOU God of every nation,
We will for Thy blessing call ;

κ Fit us for full consecration,
Let the fire of heaven fall :
Bless our Army ! With Thy power baptize us all.

Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit ;
Make our soldiers white as snow ;
Save the world through Jesus' merit ;
Satan's kingdom overthrow !
Bless our Army ! Send us where we ought to go.

Give Thy Church more holy living,
Fill it with abundant power ;
Give the Army more thanksgiving,
Greater victories every hour ;
Bless our Army ! Be our Rock, our Shield, our Tower.

Bless our General ! bless our Majors !
Bless our Officers as well !
Bless Headquarters ! bless our Soldiers !
Bless the foes of sin and hell !
Bless our Army ! We will all Thy goodness tell.

ANNIVERSARIES.

Lord, we give to Thee this building ;
Let Thy light within it shine ;
Let Thy glory be its gilding ;
Seal it now forever Thine ;
Now and ever, Praise and glory shall be Thine.

[See also Songs in the " War " Section.]

ANNIVERSARIES.

Tune, " Bright Crowns." B. B. 12. B. J. 59. S. M., I., 498.

294 O LORD, on Thee, our care we cast,
Our Army Thou hast blest ;
c Salvation years have brightly passed,
Lord, let this be the best.

We'll fight, we'll fight, we'll fight the battle through ;
Our pathway clear, and let this year be the best we ever
knew.

The best for light, for holy might,
For skill to guide the war ;
For warriors such as in the fight,
The Army never saw.

The best for wisdom, power and grace,
For feeling heaven near ;
For room and place the foe to chase,
For victory everywhere.

The best to work, the best to live,
The best to speak and sing ;
The best to pray, to get, to give,
More cheerful gifts to bring.

The best to shout, to wave, to keep
Ten thousand flags unfurl'd ;
To wake God's watchmen up from sleep
To bless and save the world.

(191)

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

EASTER.

Tune, "Easter Hymn." B. J. 186.

295 "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
Sing, ye heavens ; tho' earth, reply
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won .
Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.
Lives again, our glorious King ;
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died our souls to save,
Where's thy vict'ry boasting grave ?

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
King of Glory ! soul of bliss !
Everlasting life is this,—
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

Tune, "Is my cross too much for me?" Easter "Cry," 1893

296 IS my cross too much for me ?
When I contemplate how bravely
He endured the cross to save me
From the sins that did enslave me,
Is my cross too much for me ?

No, no, no, no, I count no sacrifice too dear,
Since Jesus died for a rebel like me,
No sacrifice I count too dear.

EASTER.

Is my cross too much for me ?
When I see His cross uprising,
See Him shame and death despising,
And with love His foes baptising,
Is my cross too much for me ?

Is my cross too much for me ?
With His presence ever near me,
With His love to bless and cheer me,
And His faithful pledge to hear me,
Is my cross too much for me ?

Is my cross too much for me ?
Are the burdens that oppress me,
Or the sorrows that distress me,
Greater than the gifts that bless me ?
Is my cross too much for me ?

Is my cross too much for me ?
Swift the days of life are wearing ;
Soon will cease my burden bearing,
Then the glory ever sharing,
Is my cross too much for me ?

Is my cross too much for me ?
No, dear Saviour, I will never
Shirk the cross, but bear it ever ;
Nought from Thee my soul shall sever,
Leaving all, I'll follow Thee.

Tune, " Christ is risen from the dead." B. J. 186. M. S., VI., 160.

297 O H, why is earth so quaking ? Why are rocks
so breaking ?
Why are thunders rolling ? Why do lightnings flash ?

Christ is risen from the dead !
Through the world the tidings spread !
Hallelujah !
Death is baffled, crushed its sting,
O'er the grave the Lord is King !
Though once dead, He is alive forever more.

(193)

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

See, Roman guards are quailing, In their duty failing,
From the tomb an angel rolls the stone away !

Oh, what is Mary seeking ? Why such bitter weeping ?
In the empty grave she seeks her Lord in vain.

Ye friends of Christ, despairing, To the tomb repairing,
Through your tears with joy behold the broken seal.

The night of Calvary's sorrow Passes, and a morrow,
Full of hope and splendor breaks o'er all the world !

Tune, "He arose." B. J. 185. S. M., I., 481.

298 **T**HE Jews they crucified Him, and laid Him in a
tomb,
But the Lord shall bear His children home.

He arose, He arose, He arose from the dead,
And the Lord shall bear His children home.

The grave it could not hold Him, for He was the Son of
But the Lord will bear His children home. [God,

Then down came an angel, and rolled away the stone,
But the Lord will bear His children home.

Then Mary, she came weeping, and looking for her Lord,
But the Lord will bear His children home.

But, oh, He said He'd come again in glory and in power,
Then the Lord will bear His children home.

Tune, "Christ died, but rose again." B. J. 185. M. S., III., 119.

299 **V**ANQUISH'D are death and hell by Jesus, our
Lord !

See Him ! He rises ! the mighty Son of God,
From the grave ! He's triumphant, though they poured
forth His blood,
When He on the Cross was lifted.

Christ died, but rose again, Hallelujah !
Death's chain He broke in twain, Hallelujah !
Vain was the guarded stone,
Jesus His work had done,
Rising, He left the tomb, a Conqueror !

HARVEST FESTIVALS.

Round Him hell's legions gathered, but all in vain,
Victors they seemed when our Saviour-King was slain,
But He shattered the prison doors and rose to proclaim
That hell and the grave were conquered.

Strong to deliver is the Lord whom we trust ;
Weep not, bereaved one, bid all thy fears be hushed ;
And, oh, grieve not, poor trembling soul, death's sting has
been crushed,
By Jesus, our mighty Saviour.

When from the grave He rose, the dawning was seen
Of that bright morning which prophets told should bring
A new life to a dying world, so blighted by sin,
And heaven be with earth united.

HARVEST FESTIVALS.

Tune, "The reaping time." B. J. S. S. M., I., 283.

300 **T**HIS is the field, the world below,
In which the sower came to sow ;
A Jesus, the wheat—Satan, the tares ;
For so the Word of God declares.

And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

Most awful truth, and is it so ?
Must all the world the harvest know ?
Must all before the Judge appear ?
Then for the harvest, oh, prepare.

To love my sins—a saint to appear—
To grow with wheat and be a tare—
May serve me while on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow.

But all who are from sin set free,
Their Father's kingdom soon shall see ;
Shine like the sun for ever there ;
He that hath ears then let him hear.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Tune, "Welcome home." B. B. 50. B. J. 62. S. M., I., 252.

301 **W**E praise Thee, Lord with heart and voice,
While we with first-fruits come ;
c We bring thank-off rings and rejoice,
Shouting the harvest home.

For crops made ripe by golden fire,
For all Thy power has done ;
We'll lift Thy praises ever higher,
Shouting the harvest home.

Salvation fields already white,
And souls are all Thine own ;
To reap earth's millions we'll unite,
And shout the harvest home.

Rich fruits of holiness we see,
Where men in grace have grown ;
Salvation reapers we will be,
And shout the harvest home.

Seed sown with tears Thy life receives,
Making Thy goodness known ;
Reapers return with golden sheaves,
And shout the harvest home.

[See also "*Hark ! sinner, while God,*" No. 11.]

CHRISTMAS.

Tune, "Out of love." F. S. 20.

302 **C**HRIST, the loving Friend of men,
M Left His Father's house on high ;
He the cross to bear for them,
Gladly laid His glory by.

Out of love, from above,
To be slain, Jesus came ;
On the cross, He it was,
Who for the sinner bled and died.

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CHRISTMAS.

He a Refuge came to be,
For the troubled, guilty soul,
'Mid the storms of life's rough sea,
And when justice' thunders roll.

O'er His soul grief's waves have swept ;
He whole nights has spent in prayer,
And in anguish He has wept,
So that God might sinner's spare.

Full of tenderness was He,
Though but hatred He did gain ;
And His prayer upon the tree
Was that men might grace obtain.

All who turn from sin away,
And with true repentance mourn,
They shall hear the Saviour say,
"I for you sin's curse have borne."

To the cross each soul may bring
All its sorrow, all its care ;
And the burden of its sin
May be lost forever there.

Tune, "As a Saviour, Christ has come." B. J. 178. M. S., V., 66.

303 "G LORY to God on high," the angels sing,
Their Lord to earth they're welcoming ;
For in the manger lies their glorious King,
In the form of the sons of men.
Glad songs heaven's hosts are raising,
Let us with them be praising
Our great Redeemer, One, though mighty,
Good in all His ways.

Christ has come, from the throne of heaven descend-
Hell to conquer, captive souls befriending. [ing,
Pomp and state He doth forsake,
And stoops to the manger lowly.
Heaven's glad throng, oh, join in song ;
Hail the birth of Christ on earth !
And make it known for every nation,
As a Saviour, Christ has come !

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Glory to God on high, for all His grace !
He makes with men His dwelling-place,
And unto all He brings good-will and peace,
Blessed news for a guilty world.
The foes of men o'erthrowing,
His freedom is bestowing
On sin-bound captives, hell's dominion
Soon shall be laid low.

Tune, "Hark, the herald angels sing." B. J. 146.

304 **H**ARK ! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With angelic hosts proclaim :
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Mild, He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

Tune, "The manger lowly." B. J. 91. M. S., II., 41.

305 **O** WONDROUS grace ! for guilty men
Was Jesus born in Bethlehem ;
A He laid aside His majesty,
And came to earth a man to be.

My heart, so like the manger lowly,
Is all unworthy, Lord, for Thee ;
Yet, as Thy home, by grace made holy,
My heart forever more shall be.

Men knew not in such humble form
Their Lord, to save, in love had come ;
Almost unheeded was the birth
Of our Redeemer on the earth.

CHRISTMAS.

Though He was rich, freely He gave
Up all, that He the lost might save ;
Love, from the manger to the cross,
Made Him in gladness suffer loss.

Like to the Lord, oh, may I be !
Like Him in His humility ;
With love like His, to live alone,
To serve and bless the needy one.

Oh, let the song of praise ascend
To Jesus, who so low did bend ;
Tell out the love that moved His heart,
That led Him e'en with life to part.

Tune, "Christ for me." B. B. 48. S. M., I., 28.

306 O H, let us hail the Saviour's birth,
Christ has come !

P Sweet Messenger of peace on earth,
Christ has come !
He's come, let men and angels sing,
And through the world the echo ring,
To-day is born our Saviour-King,
Christ has come !

All glory to the new-born King,
Christ has come !
Our hearts adore Him while we sing ;
Christ has come !
He's come, the Lord of earth and skies,
And in a lowly manger lies,
To gain for us a paradise,
Christ has come !

A living Saviour we have found,
Christ has come !
We'll spread to earth's remotest bound ;
Christ has come !
He's come within our hearts to dwell,
Our Jesus, Lord, Immanuel,
And of His wondrous life we'll tell,
Christ has come !

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Poor, weary sinner, trembling one,
Christ has come !
He has for you the vic'try won ;
Christ has come !
He's come to save both you and me,
To bear our curse on Calvary,
And every sinner may go free,
Christ has come !

Then brothers, sisters, seek Him now,
Christ is here !
And humbly at His footstool bow,
Christ is here !
He's standing here with looks so kind,
And says to you, " In Me you'll find
Pardon, and rest, and strength combined,"
Christ is here !

Tune, "Break forth in songs of gladness." B. J. 116. M. S.,
IV., 119.

307 **R**EJOICE and be glad, for lo ! the morning now
is breaking, [nigh ;
Sin's dreary night, so fraught with woe, to its close draws
The voices of angels bring the tidings of the Saviour,
"To God be glory," thus they sing, "and peace on earth."

Break forth in songs of gladness ! O' earth, forget thy
sadness,
The Light has come, for Christ is born in Bethlehem ;
He is the Lord Immanuel ! He comes to save from sin
and hell ; [Peace.
He is the Wonderful, the Mighty God, He is the Prince of

The wailing of human hearts ascending up to heaven,
Is heard, and thence the Lord departs to relieve and bless.
He comes, taking human form, to bear man's guilt and
sorrow,
And gain o'er death, and o'er the tomb the victory.

Oh, tell to each guilty soul, our God has found a Ransom ;
Oh, let the tidings onward roll, through the wide, wide
world !

The Saviour of sinful men who stoops unto the manger,
'Neath stable roof at Bethlehem, is Christ the Lord.

CHRISTMAS.

Tune, "The Saviour chose." B. J. 69. M. S., I., 44.

308 **T**HE Saviour chose a lowly place,
When He in Bethlehem was born ;
A 'Twas but a manger—oh, what grace
To sinful men the Lord has shown.

Bending low, seeking so,
Men to save from endless loss,
Christ came down and left His throne
To give His life upon the cross.

He gladly left His heavenly home,
The erring steps of men to trace,
Who, though oft warned, still wandered on,
Towards the gloom of hell's abyss.

For heaven's joy He chose earth's pain,
For heaven's peace He chose earth's grief ;
Though cruel scorn and bitter shame,
He knew from men He would receive.

He had not where to lay His head,
No home on earth did He possess ;
Though rich above, He chose instead
So poor to be that He might bless

From loving hearts, oh, let us bring,
To Him the gift of thankful praise ;
Think how He stooped at Bethlehem,
And at the cross displayed His grace.

DEDICATION OF CHILDREN.

Tune, "Wareham." B. J. 151. S. M., I., 459.

309 **G**OD of that glorious gift of grace,
By which Thy children seek Thy face ;
A When in Thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near.

Confiding in Thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,
We lay the treasure Thou hast given,
To be received and reared for heaven.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Lent to us for a season, we
Give him forever, Lord, to Thee ;
Assured that if to Thee he live.
We gain in what we seem to give.

Make him and keep him Thine own child,
Meek follower of the Undeiled ;
Possessor here of grace and love,
Inheritor of heaven above.

WEDDINGS.

Tune, " Evermore Thine." P. W. 74.

310 **E**VERMORE Thine, when the joys of life are
dawning, [o'er ;
Evermore Thine, when its charms and its pleasures are
Evermore Thine, from the bloom of brilliant morning,
Till the years are passing quickly,
And the shadows falling thickly,
Evermore Thine ! Evermore Thine !
Take and seal me, Saviour, evermore Thine.

I'll be Thine in the sunshine or darkness,
In the calm, as when tempests shall roar ;
I'll be Thine, Lord, for joy or for sadness,
I'll be Thine, only Thine, evermore.

Evermore Thine, to Thee my heart is yielded,
Evermore Thine, all my life by Thy love has been claimed ;
Evermore Thine, Thy sceptre long has wielded,
My joys in sunny gladness,
My hopes in gloomy sadness ;
Evermore Thine ! Evermore Thine
Take and seal me, Saviour, evermore Thine.

Evermore Thine, Thy presence is my pleasure,
Evermore Thine, by Thy side I have fulness of joy ;
Evermore Thine, above all else I treasure ;
Thy touch, my sorrows soothing,
Thy smile my fears removing ;
Evermore Thine ! Evermore Thine !
Take and seal me, Saviour, evermore Thine.

WEDDINGS.

Tune, "Calcutta." B. J. 29. S. M., I., 329.

311 **L**ORD, we ask Thy richest blessing,
On our comrades who unite.
K Grant that they, still further pressing,
May be bolder in the fight ;
Strong to conquer, filled anew with heav'n-born might.

Bless the bride ! upon her shower
Grace for every time of need ;
Grant her wisdom, health, and power,
May she in the fight succeed ;
Bless our lasses ! save the world at greater speed.

Bless the bridegroom ! may he ever
Faithful prove to this, Thy gift,
Use it as a mighty lever,
Which to Thee his heart shall lift ;
Saving lost ones, quickly as they downward drift.

Bless, we pray Thee, Lord, this wedding,
Come and be our welcome Guest ;
May we all, Thy footsteps treading,
Taste the last wine as the best ;
Joys unending, standing time and sorrow's test.

Tune, "Stella." B. J. 25.

312 **O** SAVIOUR, now with joyful heart,
Our comrades to Thy feet draw nigh,
G As in the war, no more to part,
They pledge themselves to fight and die ;
Till at Thy throne their hands unite,
Oh, make them victors in the fight.

Through clouds and darkness Thou wilt lead,
And hold them by Thy mighty hand ;
In every hour of trial and need
Thou wilt by both these warriors stand.
In wildest storm or darkest night,
Oh, make them victors in the fight.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

In storm, or sunshine, Thou wilt be
A gracious Guardian ever near ;
In loneliness, on land or sea,
Thy love shall stifle every fear ;
Thou Christ of peace, Thou Lord of might,
Oh, bring them victors through the fight.

And while to Thee they give their all,
Upon Thine altar now we lay
All we possess, and, at Thy call,
We promise Thee we will obey,
Till at Thy throne we all unite
As victors in this glorious fight.

Tune, "One with my Lord." F. S. 6. P. W., 96.

313 ONE with my Lord ! 'Tis glorious to know,
The barriers are broken and gone ;
Wherever He leadeth, there gladly I go ;
Yes, I and my Jesus are one.

Jesus with me is united,
Doubtings and fears they are gone ;
With Him now my soul is delighted ;
I and King Jesus are one.

One with my Lord ! with His purpose and will—
So one that I ne'er can complain ;
My business down here His word to fulfil,
My purpose to honor His name.

One with my Lord ! with His toil and His care,
In seeking and saving the lost ;
Remembering when looking on those in despair,
How to save them His life-blood it cost.

One with my Lord, with His cross and His shame,
With the mocking, the spear and the thorn ;
Won by His love, I have taken His name—
Should I leave Him because of earth's scorn ?

One with my Lord ! when time has gone by,
And eternity opens to view ;
On His grace and His strength I then will rely,
And trust Him to carry me through.

WEDDINGS.

Tune, "Oh, I'm glad I'm ready." B. J. 4. F. S. 3. P. W. 10.

314 **T**HERE'S a golden day, and 'tis not far away,
When the Prince of all the earth shall no
longer delay,
But shall send forth the call to the nations all,
For the Royal Marriage Supper of the Lamb.
Then the hosts shall raise loud their voices in praise,
While with "righteousness of saints" the bride herself
And with rapturous song they will march along [arrays,
To the Royal Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

Oh, I'm glad I'm ready ! oh, I'm glad I'm ready !
Ready with the "Wedding Garment" on.
Oh, I'm glad I'm ready ! oh, I'm glad I'm ready !
Fighting till I join the happy throng.

There's a cross you must bear, and a robe you must wear,
If the glories of the Marriage Supper you would share ;
You must be quite sure that for Him you'll endure,
Till the Royal Marriage Supper of the Lamb.
There must not one stain on your garments remain,
If you wish to seek the favor of the Bridegroom to gain ;
For no sin shall enter in to the palace of the King,
At the Royal Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

[See also "*I've found a Friend in Jesus*," No. 77 ; and
"*Let me love Thee*," No. 154.]

FUNERALS.

Tune, "My beautiful home." B. J. 41. S. M., I., 300.

315 **A**BOVE the waves of earthly strife,
Above the ills and cares of life ;
Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair,
My home is there, my home is there.

My beautiful home, my beautiful home,
In the land where the glorified ever shall roam ;
Where angels bright wear crowns of light,
My home is there, my home is there.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Where living fountains sweetly flow,
Where birds, and flowers immortal grow,
Where trees their fruit celestial bear,
My home is there, my home is there.

Away from sorrow, doubt and pain,
Away from worldly loss and gain,
From all temptation, tears, and care,
My home is there, my home is there.

Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
Where Jesus, loving Saviour waits,
Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair,
My home is there, my home is there.

Tune, "Away from his home." S. M., II., 59.

316 **A**WAY from his home, and the friends of his youth,

W He hoisted the standard of mercy and truth ;
For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost,
Soon, alas ! was his fall, but he died at his post.

His comrades, they wept that in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb ;
For in ardor he led in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier, he died at his post.

He wept not himself that his warfare was done,
The battle was fought, and the victory won ;
But he whispered of those whom his heart loved the most—

"Tell my brethren for me that I died at my post."

Victorious his fall, for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master in glory to dwell ; [coast,
He has passed o'er the sea, he has reached the bright
For he fell like a warrior, he died at his post.

And can we the words of our comrade forget ?
Oh, no, they are fresh in our memory yet ;
An example so sacred can never be lost,
We will fall in the fight, we will die at our post.

FUNERALS.

Tune, "Welcome home." B. B. 50. B. J. 62. S. M., I., 252.

317 **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
c The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

They'll sing their welcome home to me,
The angels will stand
On the heavenly strand,
And sing me a welcome home.

Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I asked them whence their victory came ;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast ;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

Tune, "The death bed." B. J. 140. M. S., III., 71.

318 **H**IS warfare now is over,
The sounds of battle cease ;
He passes through death's river,
To yonder land of peace ;
There is no fear can reach his heart,
No doubt can rise to make it dark ;
A conqueror will he depart,
His crown to receive.

When the righteous die their end is peace,
And angel bands as their guards descend ;
Oh, full of glory, is the hour of their release,
Departing for the better land.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

He of the past is thinking,
As he is lying there ;
And praise to prayer he's linking,
As falls the grateful tear
To God, for all the grace bestowed,
Since at the cross in faith he bowed ;
When from his heart the heavy load
Of sin rolled away.

The fight at length is over,
He's fought the battle well ;
His home will be forever
The land where angels dwell.
To weeping comrades round his bed,
Some with them whom to Christ he's led,
He bids farewell, then without dread
His soul takes its flight.

Tune, "It's true there's a beautiful city." F. S. 18.

319 [T'S true there's a beautiful city,
That it's streets are paved with gold ;
No earthly tongue can describe it ;
Its glories can never be told.

I know, I know, I know I shall be there.

Your loved ones dwell in that city,
Whom you placed beneath the sod,
When your heart felt nigh like breaking,
And you promised you'd serve your God.

Will you, will you, Say, will you meet them there ?

There none but the pure and the holy
Can ever enter in ;
You can have no hope of its glory
If still you're the servant of sin.

Bless God, bless God, Bless God you may be there.

Yes, you can go there, my brother,
For Jesus has died on the tree ;
And that same precious blood is now flowing,
That washed a poor sinner like me.

Will you, will you, Say, will you meet me there ?

FUNERALS.

Tune, "Shall we gather at the river?" B. J. 21. S. M., I., 105

320 SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel-feet have trod ?
J With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God ?

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river ;
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

On the margin of the river,
Dashing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down ;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our warfare here will cease ;
Then we'll fight and never waver,
Till we reach that land of peace.

Tune, "Shall we meet beyond the river?" B. J. 92. S. M., I., 115.

321 SHALL we meet beyond the river,
J Where the surges cease to roll,
Where in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul ?

Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll ?

Shall we meet with many a loved one,
Who was torn from our embrace ?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face ?

Yes, we'll meet beyond the river,
Never to be parted more ;
There we'll praise our Saviour ever,
On that bright and happy shore.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Tune, "Promoted to glory." B. J. 139. P. W. 103.

322 **S**UMMON'D home, the call has sounded,
Bidding a soldier his warfare cease ;
And the song of angels resounded,
Welcomes a warrior to eternal peace.
Praise the Lord ! From earthly struggles
A comrade has found release.
Death has lost its sting, the grave its victory ;
Conflicts and dangers are over ;
See him* honor'd at the throne of glory,
Crown'd by the hand of Jehovah.

Strife and sorrow over,
The Lord's true, faithful soldier
Has been call'd to go from the ranks below,
To the conqu'ring host above.

Once the sword, but now the sceptre,
Once the fight, now the rest and fame ;
Broken ev'ry earthly fetter,
Now the glory for the cross and shame ;
Once the loss of all for Jesus,
But now the eternal gain. [found,
Trials and sorrows here have now their meaning
Mysteries their explanation ;
Safe, forever, in the sunlight gleaming,
Of His eternal salvation.

*Or her.

Tune, "When the roll is called." B. J. 126. S. M., II., 64.

323 **W**HEN the roll is called in heaven,
And the host shall muster there,
J I shall take my place among them,
And their joys and triumphs share.

Angels call the roll up yonder,
Muster day in heaven proclaim,
Call the roll, and at the summons
I will answer to my name.

FAREWELLS.

When the roll is called in heaven,
I will answer to my name ;
And come forward at the summons,
My inheritance to claim.

When the roll is called in heaven,
To the front I'll make my way,
And be welcomed by the Master,
To the realms of endless day.

FAREWELLS.

Tune, "God be with you till we meet again."

324 **G**OD be with you till we meet again !
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you ;
God be with you till we meet again !

Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet ;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again !

God be with you till we meet again !
'Neath His wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you ;
God be with you till we meet again !

God be with you till we meet again !
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His loving arms around you ;
God be with you till we meet again !

God be with you till we meet again !
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you ;
God be with you till we meet again !

[See also Songs for "Funerals."]

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KEY

GIVING LISTS OF TUNES ARRANGED ACCORDING TO MEASURE AND ACCENT.

The letter at the head of each list signifies that those songs having that initial under their number can be sung to any of the tunes in the corresponding list.

Care should be taken, however, in the selection of a tune, that the sentiment contained in its chorus should correspond with that of the song to which it is sung.

As a rule, songs which have no initial under their number will be found to be unsuitable for any other tunes than those which are marked over them.

The songs have been divided and classified according to the various kinds of meetings which are conducted in Salvation warfare. It will be found, however, that the songs in one section will be equally applicable to another class of meetings: Thus, Funeral Songs will, in most cases, be applicable to Farewell Meetings; Prayer Meeting Songs to Salvation Meetings; and War Songs to United Gatherings.

It is hoped that the special selection of Prayer Meeting Songs will be found most effective for that class of meetings. Congregational singing should be encouraged in our prayer meetings, and it should be as varied as possible.

As singing forms so important a part of Salvation Army engagements, too great a care cannot be exercised in preparing for this part of the services. Each officer and leader of meetings should make it a special duty to carefully study the Key, so as to secure as great a variety of tunes as possible. Old words sung to a new tune are often much more effective.

The selection of songs and tunes should not be left till the officer or leader steps on to his platform to commence his meeting, but should be carefully made beforehand.

A leader should not always commence the same class of meetings with the same song, or confine himself to two or three, but should have as varied a selection as possible. This book will be a great assistance to him in this respect, and, as each section is arranged in alphabetical order, he will have no difficulty in turning to any particular song he may wish.

Songs that are not so well-known as others, should be used as solos till the soldiers and congregation get to know them.

Not only should an officer make a selection of songs and tunes himself, before entering a meeting, but where he has a band, he should communicate his decision in good time to the bandmaster, and ascertain whether the band can play those tunes, and if not, he should make such alteration as he may think necessary, providing he wishes to use his band at that time, and considers their help with the newly-selected song to be of greater value to the meeting than his original selection without the music. The "Key" will, however, give him a good selection of songs in the various metres so that he need very seldom be necessitated to alter his words.

KEY.

EXPLANATION OF REFERENCES.

B.B.—Band Book. B.J.—Band Journal. S.M. I.—Salvation Music, Volume I. F.S.—Favorite Songs. M.S. I.—Musical Salvationist, Volume I. P.W.—Songs of Peace and War.

A

Long Metres (four lines).

- Above the rest, S.M. I. 275.
 Admiration, S.M. I. 173.
 Amen, we sing and shout, B.J. 60, M.S. I. 83.
 Behold me standing.
 Beulah land, B.J. 169.
 Boston, B.J. 197.
 Brentford, S.M. I. 457.
 Calvary's mount.
 Corn rigs are bonnie.
 Cropper St., B.J. 195.
 Daisy Hill, B.J. 225.
 Doversdale, S.M. I. 451.
 Duke St., S.M. I. 406.
 Eden.
 Ernan, B.J. 221, S.M. I. 45.
 Eternity, B.J. 28.
 Evening Hymn, S.M. I. 46.
 Grace of God, B.J. 40, M.S. I. 8.
 He leadeth me, S.M. I. 344.
 Him that cometh.
 Holy Spirit, seal me, B.J. 158, P.W. 2.
 I can, I do believe, B.J. 66, S.M. II. 99.
 I have a sweet hope, S.M. I. 290.
 Invitation, B.J. 221.
 It was on the cross, B.J. 17.
 Job, S.M. I. 404.
 Just as I am, S.M. I. 72.
 Little Nell's requiem.
 Melcombe, B.J. 221, S.M. I. 280.
 Monmouth, B.J. 222, S.M. I. 281.
 Montgomery, B.J. 211, S.M. I. 407.
 My beautiful home, B.J. 41, S.M. I. 210.
 My Redeemer lives, S.M. I. 466.
 Near Woodstock Town.
 Neapolis, S.M. I. 456.
 Night closed around the conqueror.
 None but the righteous, S.M. I. Norfolk. [144].
 Oh, Calvary, B.J. 28.
 Oh, the mercy of God, B.J. 146, S.M. I. 144.
 Oh, wash me now, S.M. I. 188.
 Old Hundredth, B.J. 104, S.M. I. 405.
 Panting after God, S.M. I. 172.
 Peru, S.M. I. 455.
 Praise God, S.M. I. 144.
 Prayer, S.M. I. 403.
 Pull down the devil's kingdom, B.J. 8, S.M. I. 283.
 Put me in my little, S.M. I. 188.
 Rockingham, B.J. 32, S.M. I. 279.
 Roll on dark stream, B.J. 31.
 Samson.
 Sun of my soul, B.J. 151, S.M. I. 185.
 The cleansing fountain, S.M. I. 273.
 The Divine will, S.M. I. 174.
 The fields are white, B.J. 166, M.S. VI. 12.
 The grace of God, B.J. 40, M.S. I. 8.
 The manger lowly, B.J. 91, M.S. II. 41.
 The reaping time, B.J. 8, S.M. I. 283.
 The Saviour chose, B.J. 69, M.S. I. 44.
 The Solid Rock, S.M. I. 308.
 The spiritual railway, B.J. 221, S.M. I. 100.
 This world is not my home, S.M. I. 74.
 Thou art so near, and yet so far.
 Thy will be done, S.M. I. 186.
 To die no more, S.M. I. 261.
 To heal the broken heart, B.J. 123, M.S. III. 14.
 Tranquility, S.M. I. 297.
 Travelling on, S.M. I. 187.
 Tried, faithful and precious, B.J. 206, M.S. VI. 72.
 Wareham, B.J. 151, S.M. I. 459.

KEY.

A—Continued.

- Warrington, B.J. 220, S.M. I. 462. Why not to-night? B.J. 131, S.M. I. 226.
 We'll forward march, B.J. 37, M.S. I. 16. Winchester, B. J. 219.
 We're sure to win, B.J. 179, M.S. II. 52. With panting heart, B.J. 6, S.M. I. 231.

B

Long Metres (eight lines).

- A crown of peace, B.J. 100, M.S. III. 60. O matchless grace, B.J. 188, M.S. V. 164.
 Beulah Land, B.J. 169. Sweet hour of prayer, S.M. I. 119.
 Good news from home. Ye must be born again, B.J. 103, M.S. III. 40.
 Jesus of Nazareth passeth by, S.M. I. 79.

C

Common Metres (four lines).

- A closer walk, S.M. I. 256. Cambridge New, S.M. I. 347.
 A hunting we will go. Casting all your care upon Him.
 A soldier of the cross, S.M. I. 56. Charming Name, B.J. 29, S.M. I. 430.
 A thankful heart, S.M. I. 284. Abridge. Christ my Pattern, B.J. 113, M.S. IV. 21.
 Aitken, S.M. I. 123. Christchurch.
 Alexandria, S.M. I. 420. Christian warriors, S.M. I. 247.
 And ye shall walk in silk attire. Cleansing wave, S.M. I. 50.
 Angels are waiting, B.J. 53, M.S. I. 57. Climbing up Zion's Hill, S.M. I. 68.
 Another look at the cross, B.J. 173, M.S. IV. 39. Clinging to the cross, B.J. 107, M.S. IV. 8.
 Are you washed, B.B. 46, S.M. II. 34. Come, oh, come and go, B.J. 24, M.S. VI. 107.
 Arlington, S.M. I. 125. Come to Jesus (Come every soul) B.J. 9, S.M. I. 288.
 Arnolds, S.M. I. 312. Conference, B.J. 75, S.M. I. 416.
 Ashley, S.M. I. 76. Covenant, B.J. 21, S.M. I. 122.
 Assurance, S.M. I. 179. Crown Him Lord of all, B.B. 63, S.M. I. 285.
 At the cross, B.J. 4, S.M. II. 65. Devizes, S.M. I. 267.
 Auburn, S.M. I. 353. Bedford. Does your heart beat true?
 Before Thine altar, S.M. I. 80. Behold the Saviour, B.J. 92, S.M. I. 287.
 Behold what manner of love. Don't stay away, S.M. I. 366.
 Better on before, S.M. I. 75. Down in the garden, B.J. 67, S.M. I. 431.
 Bleeding Lamb, B.J. 3, S.M. II. 91. Draw me nearer, B.J. 14, S.M. Dundee. [I. 509.
 Blondel's song. Evan, B.J. 123, S.M. I. 35.
 Blood-stained cross, S.M. I. 209. Fair Columbia.
 Bright crowns, B.B. 12, B.J. 59, S.M. I. 493. Fire away, B.B. 1, S.M. I. 521.
 Bright forevermore, B.B. 26, S.M. I. 427. Fly away, S.M. I. 427.
 B.J. 53, S.M. I. 500. Forever here my rest, S.M. I. 241.

KEY.

C—Continued.

- 31, S.M.
6, S.M.
J. 188,
S.M. I.
a, B.J.
347.
on Him.
S.M. I.
J. 113,
I. 247.
30.
l, S.M.
J. 107,
B.J. 24,
ry soul)
I. 416.
122.
l, B.B.
e?
366.
J. 67,
S.M.
I. 509.
521.
M. I.
- Fountain, S.M. I. 124.
Gabriel, S.M. I. 246.
Get ready for the harvest, B.J.
168, M.S. VI. 11.
Get up and bar the door.
Give me a heart (Good night),
B.J. 69, S.M. I. 117.
Give me the wings, S.M. I. 252.
Going home, S.M. I. 89.
Greetland, S.M. I. 425.
Grimsby B.J. 219.
Hail sacred hope (Auld lang
syne), B.J. 37, S.M. I. 42.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, B.J.
91, S.M. I. 229.
He came to Bethany.
He will wash you, B.J. 189,
M.S. VI. 108.
Hensbury, S.M. I. 240.
Holland, B.J. 161, M.S. VI. 133.
I am redeemed, B.J. 22, S.M. I.
465.
I dare believe (Junita), S.M.
I. 244.
I heard the voice, B.J. 39, M.S.
I. 27.
I mean to go (When Johnnie
comes marching), S.M. I. 487.
I want to go, S.M. I. 138.
I will not let Thee go, B.J. 57,
M.S. I. 80.
If the cross we boldly, B.B. 26,
B.J. 53, S.M. I. 500.
I'll live and fight for God, B.J.
184, M.S. VI. 91.
I'll stand for Christ, B.J. 69,
M.S. II. 6.
In golden hours, B.J. 114, S.M.
II. 22.
In the ranks, B.J. 97, M.S. III. 63.
I've found the Pearl, B.J. 75,
S.M. I. 428, M.S. I. 65.
Jerusalem, S.M. I. 255.
Jesus died for you, B.J. 121,
S.M. I. 44.
Jesus meet me, B.J. 98, M.S. I. 71.
Jesus my heart is keeping, B.J.
175, M.S. VI.
Jesus now is passing by, B.J.
108, M.S. III. 101.
Jesus the name, B.B. 86, S.M. I.
489.
Just like Him, B.J. 192, M.S.
V. 17, S.M. I. 213.
- Kendal, S.M. I. 408.
Landed up in glory, B.J. 99,
M.S. III. 59.
Lift up the banner, B.B. 3, S.M.
II. 1.
Looking up, S.M. I. 90.
Lover of the Lord, B.B. 24, B.J.
74, S.M. I. 180.
Lydia, S.M. I. 424.
Martyrdom, S.M. I. 86.
Mighty faith, S.M. I. 423.
Miller of the Dee.
Mount Pleasant, S.M. I. 422.
Mourn not for me.
My happy home, S.M. I. 418.
My immortal home, S.M. I. 410.
My Shepherd, S.M. I. 277.
My sins are under the blood,
B.J. 27, F.S. 23.
Nativity, B.J. 147, S.M. I. 417.
Name of Jesus, S.M. I. 245.
Never part again, B.B. 29, B.J.
76, S.M. I. 121.
Never run away, B.B. 29, B.J.
76, S.M. I. 121.
New York, S.M. I. 348.
No other argument, B.J. 7, S.M.
I. 169.
Now He sets me free, B.J. 18,
S.M. I. 241.
Now I can read, B.B. 6, B.J. 78,
S.M. I. 531.
O joyful sound, B.J. 118, S.M.
I. 102.
Oh for a thousand, B.J. 169,
S.M. I. 239.
Oh how I love Jesus, B.J. 191,
S.M. I. 300.
Oh the Lamb, B.J. 3, S.M. II.
91, B.J. 72, S.M. I. 13, S.M.
I. 227, 228.
Oh the voice, B.B. 2, B.J. 60,
S.M. I. 377.
Oh 'twas love, B.J. 171, S.M. I.
369.
Oh what a Christ have I, B.J.
75, S.M. I. 428, M.S. I. 65.
Oh, you must be a lover, B.B.
24, B.J. 74, S.M. I. 180.
On my way to Zion, S.M. I. 266.
One glorious theme, B. Tutor 9,
M.S. IV. 47.
Open and let the Master in, B.B.
11, B.J. 52.

KEY.

C—Continued.

- Open gate, S.M. I. 208.
 Our eternal King, S.M. I. 262.
 Our noble army, B.B. 33.
 Pentonville, B.J. 222, S.M. I. 494.
 Precious blood, S.M. I. 137.
 Prepare me, B.J. 2, S.M. II. 92.
 Prepare to meet thy God, B.J. 2, S.M. II. 92.
 Remember me, B.J. 16, S.M. I. 206.
 Roll on the gospel chariot, B.J. 99, M.S. III. 54.
 St. Ann's, S.M. I. 284.
 St. David's day.
 St. Magnus.
 St. Peter's, B.J. 128.
 St. Stephen's, B.J. 191, S.M. I. 242.
 Saviour's name, S.M. I. 190.
 Sawley.
 Singing all the time, S.M. I. 470.
 Sinner, see yon light, B.J. 48, M.S. I. 33.
 So we'll form our battalions, B.J. 24.
 Spirit Divine, S.M. I. 178.
 Spohr.
 Sprowston, S.M. I. 237.
 Sunlight in my soul, B.J. 223, M.S. VI. 104.
 Sweet heaven (Sweet Minnie), B. J. 192, S.M. I. 218, M.S. V. 17.
 The boatie rows.
 The cleansing blood, B.J. 82, M.S. I. 36.
 The emigrants.
 The fountain that's flowing, B. Tutor 10, M.S. IV. 97.
 The gate ajar.
 The half was never told.
 The judgment day, B.J. 85, M.S. I. 77.
 The judgment throne, B.J. 101, M.S. III. 43.
 The lass of Richmond Hill.
 The Lord's alone, B.J. 225, S.M. I. 176.
 The pilot.
 The soldier's return.
 The voice of the lost, B.J. 90, M.S. I. 94.
 The weary p'und o' tow.
 There is nae luck.
 They'll sing a welcome home, B.B. 50, B.J. 62, S.M. I. 252.
 This garden now.
 Tom Bowling.
 Trusting Jesus now, B.J. 113, M.S. IV. 13.
 Voice of Jesus, B.J. 41, S.M. I. 81.
 Warwick, S.M. I. 175.
 We all are now free, S.M. I, 452.
 We meet again.
 We will march through the world, B.B. 6, B.J. 78, S.M. I. 531.
 Will camp awhile, S.M. I. 51.
 We'll fight till Jesus comes, B.J. 33, S.M. I. 278.
 We'll fight until we conquer, B.J. 55, S.M. II. 41.
 We'll receive a crown, S.M. I. 433.
 Welcome home, S.M. I. 62.
 We're going home to glory, B.J. 224, S.M. I. 429.
 What vessel are you sailing in? S.M. I. 294.
 While shepherds watched, B.J. 69.
 Winchester Old.
 Windsor, S.M. I. 238.
 Ye valiant soldiers (Starry night for a ramble), S.M. I. 250.

D

Common Metres (eight lines).

- Army suit of blue, B.J. 87, M.S. I. 109.
 Behold the Saviour, B.J. 92, S.M. I. 287.
 Bound for Canaan's shore, B.J. 112, M.S. II. 14.
 Come, sinner, wash, B.J. 137, M.S. IV. 53, P.W. 95.
 Conquering faith, B.J. 70, M.S. I. 40.
 Covenant, B.J. 21, S.M. I. 122.
 Get ready for the harvest, B.J. 168, M.S. VI. 11.
 Good old Jeff.
 Grand salvation plan, B.J. 67, M.S. I. 91.

KEY.

D—Continued.

- I bring my all to Thee, B.J. 107, M.S. VI. 1.
 I heard the voice, B.J. 39, M.S. I. 27.
 I now have faith, B.J. 210, S.M. I. 199.
 I will not let Thee go, B.J. 57, M.S. I. 80.
 In golden hours, B.J. 114, S.M. II. 22.
 Jesus has redeemed me, B.J. 68, M.S. I. 60.
 Marching on to war, B.B. 54, S.M. II. 10.
 Mercy still for thee, B.J. 15, S.M. II. 12.
 Mighty to keep, B.J. 68, F.S. 21, P.W. 41.
 On, on, no surrender, B.J. 135, S.M. II. 39.
 Only to see her face again.
 Our soldiers march and play, B.J. 125, S.M. II. 77.
 She wore a wreath of roses.
 Soldier's song, B.J. 18, F.S. 31.
 Sound out the gospel message, B.J. 98, M.S. I. 70.
 Syria, B.B. 25, S.M. I. 82.
 The hallelujah way, B.B. 40, B.J. 125, S.M. II. 77.
 The harp that once through Tara's halls,
 The heart bowed down.
 The Lord's alone, S.M. I. 176.
 The trumpeters, B.J. 178, S.M. I. 154.
 To me, dear Saviour, B.J. 134, M.S. IV. 49, P.W. 50.
 Voice of Jesus, B.J. 41, S.M. I. 80.
 We are marching on, B.J. 54, M.S. I. 65.
 While the years roll on, B.J. 112, M.S. III. 18.
 Whom else but Thee, B.J. 156, M.S. V. 168.

E

Short Metres (four lines).

- Blest be the tie.
 Bradley Church.
 Cambridge, S.M. I. 314.
 Cana.
 Carlisle.
 Dedication.
 Falcon St., S.M. I. 331.
 Huddersfield. [I. 276.
 I am coming, Lord, B.J. 55, S.M. I. 183.
 I need Thee, B.J. 123, S.M. I. 183.
 Marching to Zion, B.B. 68, S.M. I. 504.
 Mount Ephraim. [I. 522.
 Nearer my home, B.J. 63, S.M. I. 81.
 No sorrow there, S.M. I. 81.
 On our way to God, B.J. 47, S. M. I. 323.
 Reuben, S.M. I. 340.
 St. Michael, B.J. 219.
 Sarah, S.M. I. 315.
 Serenity.
 Shirland, S.M. I. 313.
 Silchester (Nay, but I yield), B.J. 80, S.M. I. 316.
 The fountain of Jesus' blood, B.J. 152, M.S. I. 39.
 Welcome, sweet day of rest, S.M. I. 257.

F

Short Metres (eight lines).

- Come in, my Lord, B.B. 27, B.J. 46, S.M. I. 483.
 Equip me for the war, S.M. I. 359.
 From every stain, B.J. 81, M.S. II. 78, P.W. 56. [448.
 I look for stormy days, S.M. I. 34.
 March on, we shall win, B.J. 150, M.S. III. 34.
 Now I am trusting, B.J. 80, M.S. II. 68.
 O wonderful love, B.J. 192, M.S. VI. 40.

KEY.

G

Six Lines Eights.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Careys, B.J. 220. | [308. | Madrid, B.J. 176, M.S. VI. 81. |
| Christ, the Solid Rock, S.M. I. | Norway, B.J. 162, M.S. V. 143. | |
| Cleft of the Rock, B.J. 221, S.M. | Out on the sea of eternity, B.J. | |
| I. 490. | 179, P.W. 10. | |
| Creation, S.M. I. 333. | Plymouth dock, S.M. I. 390. | |
| David's harp, S.M. I. 357. | Reaping time, B.J. 8, S.M. I. 283. | |
| Eaton, B.J. 167, S.M. I. 309. | Sagina, B.J. 208. | |
| Euphony, B.J. 188, S.M. I. 133. | St. Catherine, B.J. 219. | |
| Friend of sinners (Banks and | Sovereignty, B.B. 21, B.J. 220, | |
| braes), B.J. 56, S.M. I. 134. | S.M. I. 494. | |
| Homerton, B.J. 222. | Stella, B.J. 25. | |
| Jesus of Nazareth, S.M. I. 79. | Those evening bells. | |
| Knightsbridge. | When starry eyes look on the sea. | |

H

Eights (four lines).

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Almighty to save, B.B. 31, S.M. | The cross now covers, B.J. 80, |
| I. 523. | S.M. I. 103. |
| A Saviour's love, B.J. 63, F.S. 48. | We shall win, B.J. 28, S.M. I. 249. |
| Oh, speak, S.M. I. 210. | Welcome to glory, S.M. I. 293. |
| Realms of the blest, B.J. 32. | Who'll fight for the Lord? B.B. |
| Rejoice in the Lord, B.J. 31. | 15, S.M. I. 20. |

I

Eights (eight lines)

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| A wounded sinner's song, B.J. | Oh, yes, there's salvation, B.J. |
| 176, M.S. V. 4. | 42, M.S. I. 10. |
| Beautiful isle of the sea. | Thou Shepherd of Israel, B.J. |
| Every step of the way, B.J. 154, | 170, S.M. I. 104. |
| M.S. IV. 9, P.W. 4. | Where do you journey? B.J. 171, |
| Heart song, S.M. I. 444. | S.M. I. 449. |
| Oh, come to this beautiful | Whiter than the snow, B.J. 12. |
| stream, B.J. 177, S.M. II. 63. | Write me a letter from home. |

J

Eights and Sevens (four lines).

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Alma, S.M. I. 382. | Bread of heaven, B.J. 207. |
| Always cheerful, B.J. 43. | Careless sinner, B.J. 95, M.S. |
| Are you ready? B.B. 5, S.M. | II. 5. |
| II. 49. | Catch the sunshine. |
| At the cross when a soul, B.J. | Clinging to the cross, B.J. 176, |
| 111, F.S. 8. | S.M. I. 84. |
| Beyond the river, S.M. I. 115, | Close to Thee. |
| S.M. I. 49. | Down at His feet, B.J. 209, |
| Beyond the tide, B.J. 128, S.M. | M.S. VI. 150. |
| I. 9. | Even me, S.M. I. 101. |
| Bound for glory, S.M. I. 1. | Friend that's ever near, B.J. 29. |

KEY.

J—Continued.

- Fully trusting (All my doubts). Oh, it is glory, B.B. 82, S.M. I. 533.
 Gather at the river, B.J. 21, Oh, the peace, B.J. 193, M.S. IV. 87.
 S.M. I. 105. Only Thee, B.J. 73, S.M. I. 189.
 Glory to the Lamb, B.J. 181, On the banks of the beautiful,
 S.M. I. 501. B.J. 48, M.S. I. 24.
 Gospel feast, S.M. I. 362. Pour Thy Spirit, B.J. 15, S.M. I. 150.
 Gospel ship, S.M. I. 130. Saviour, breathe an evening
 Hail, once despised, B.J. 125, S. blessing, S.M. I. 389.
 He will hide me. [M. I. 367. Shall we meet beyond? B.J. 140,
 I love Jesus, B.J. 128, S.M. I. 33. S.M. I. 115.
 I will follow Thee, B.J. 1, S.M. Spain, B.J. 161, M.S. V. 137.
 I will guide thee. [II. 57. Sweet the moments, B.J. 157,
 I will sing of my Redeemer. S.M. I. 213.
 It is done, B.J. 114, M.S. IV. 20. Take the name of Jesus.
 It's all glory, S.M. I. 421. The Christian's rest, S.M. I. 69.
 Jesus loves me, B.J. 153, M.S. The cleansing stream, B.B. 75,
 II. 49, P. W. 82. S.M. I. 1.
 Joy bells, S.M. I. 383. This is why I love, B.J. 104,
 Joy, behold the Saviour, B.J. 11. M.S. III. 95.
 Joy in service, B.J. 121, M.S. Turn to the Lord, B.B. 45, B.J.
 III. 61. 77, S.M. I. 97.
 Land ahead, S.M. I. 324. Waiting by the river, S.M. I. 116.
 Land beyond the blue, B.B. 4, Walk with me, B.B. 39, S.M. I.
 S.M. I. 530. 503.
 Like the billows, B.J. 122, S.M. We are out on the ocean, B.B.
 II. 84. 74, S.M. I. 318.
 Love divine, S.M. I. 10. We shall sing, B.B. 8, S.M. II. 11.
 Love one another, S.M. I. 464. What a Saviour, B.J. 74, M.S.
 Loved ones gone before, B.J. 50, II. 32.
 M.S. I. 34. When the roll is called, B.J. 126,
 Mariners, B.J. 131, S.M. I. 304. S.M. II. 64.
 Never can tell, B.J. 13, M.S. Where He leads, B.B. 77, S.M.
 IV. 101. I. 497.
 Not my own, B.B. 52. Whither, pilgrims, B.J. 69, S.M.
 Numberless as the sands, B.J. I. 211.
 106, M.S. III. 94.
 Oh, are you saved? B.J. 191,
 M.S. II. 82.

K

Eights and Sevens (six lines).

- Benediction, S.M. I. 350. Helmsley, B.J. 147, S.M. I. 356.
 Bithynia, B.J. 211. I love Jesus, B.J. 128, S.M. I. 33.
 Blessed Jesus, B.J. 45, S.M. I. 98. Oriel, B.J. 221.
 Bread of heaven, B.J. 207. Parting, S.M. I. 263.
 Calcutta, B.J. 29, S.M. I. 329. Pity, Lord, S.M. I. 460.
 Gospel news, S.M. I. 469. Regent Square.
 Guide me, great Jehovah, B.J. Rosseau, B.J. 189, S.M. I. 54.
 121, S.M. I. 303. St. Thomas.
 Hark, the voice, B.B. 57, B.J. Take salvation, B.B. 18, S.M. I.
 51, S.M. I. 518, P.W. 57. 528.
 He is bringing to His fold, B.J. The voice of Jesus, B.J. 124, S.M.
 95, S.M. I. 325. I. 302.

KEY.

L

Eights and Sevens (eight lines).

- A full salvation, S.M. I. 341.
 All things are changing, B.J. 225, M.S. I. 62.
 Always cheerful, B.J. 43.
 Austria, B.J. 163, M.S. V. 136.
 Beyond the tide, B.J. 128, S.M. I. 19.
 Careless sinner, B.J. 95, M.S. II. 5.
 Caughey, S.M. I. 141.
 Christ is mine, B.J. 100, M.S. III. 55.
 Crown the Saviour, B.J. 10.
 Divine communion, S.M. I. 225.
 Friend in Jesus, B.J. 28.
 Glory to the Lamb, B.J. 131, S.M. I. 501.
 God's heroes, B.J. 141, M.S. V. 42.
 Greece, B.J. 163, M.S. V. 135.
 I can, I will, B.J. 6, S.M. II. 23.
 I will follow Thee, B.J. 1, S.M. In the gloaming, [II. 67.
 Jesus calls me, S.M. I. 191.
 Just after the battle. [440.
 Land without a storm, S.M. I.
 Let me hear Thy voice, B.J. 83, F.S. 5, P.W. 52.
 Let me love Thee, B.J. 154, P.W. 66.
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